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VOL. 1 - NO. 1

Fantastic **MONSTERS**

OF THE FILMS

HORROR GUARANTEED TO SHOCK YOU DEAD OR YOUR LIFE REFUNDED!

INSIDE!
Full Color
**MONSTER
PINUP**

HORROR FICTION
by **Robert Bloch**
AUTHOR OF
PSYCHO



Hammer Films' **HORROR OF
DRACULA** — released by
Universal-International

WORLD'S GREATEST MONSTER MAGAZINE



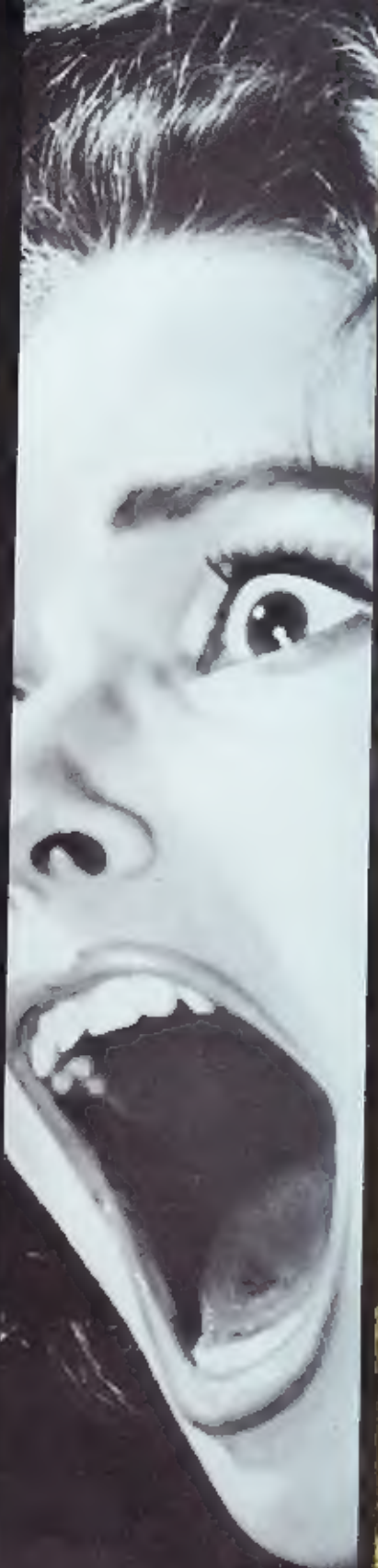
Gathered from the most extensive morgue of monster mugs this side of Transylvania, and with special added shots by our own Hollywood staff, **FANTASTIC MONSTERS'** *Premiere Collector's Edition* presents the widest (and wildest) spectrum of spooks and space scenes ever captured between covers. Whether you're young,

Whether you're young, or just young in heart (whose?), we know you'll agree that **FANTASTIC MONSTERS** is the monster movie and fantasy film buff's dream come true. In short, a perfect nightmare.

Besides the pictures and articles that speak for themselves—in fact, scream out loud in color—you'll find short-short stories by Robert Bloch, the *Psycho* who likes to shower us with pointed entries, and staffer Jim Harmon who, this issue, takes Poetic License with a classic tale or two in the hopes of winning for himself an Edgar.

So sit right down and enjoy this sizzling stake of shock we've served up. And believe us, when it comes to dishing out Collector's Items, this stake will be rare.

THE EDITORS



Tin Can Terrors are only one of the feature attractions in **FANTASTIC MONSTERS'** three-ring Circus of Horrors



Screams of fear and fun are waiting for you in each and every issue of this, the greatest magazine show on Earth

Fantastic MONSTERS

OF THE FILMS

VOL. 1 • NUMBER 1



COVER: Christopher Lee in
HORROR OF DRACULA;
courtesy of Hammer Films
and Universal-International
Pictures

BACK COVER: (t) BEAST
WITH A MILLION EYES
(m) Bert I. Gordon's THE
MAGIC SWORD
(b) COUNT DOWN

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Presenting James Cagney
as the Man of a Thousand
Faces in the Magazine of a
Thousand Thrills

You're mad, my friend, if you think those softly beating wings behind us belong to a Vampire Bat! Everyone knows there is no such thing as a Vam——

VAMPIRE

The hours between sunset and sunrise are not the wisest time to go roaming about the shadowed graveyard—as any loyal Transylvanian can tell you. These bewitching hours, Legend has it, are when Things of the Night take flight, and flap fun-lovingly off in search of human prey—humans who don't say their prayers.

Though the bat people have been with us in story and song for hundreds of years now, today's Transylvanians contend there is a *new* vampire menace facing the world: the *modern* bat-man.

This present-day danger is able to walk about in the daytime, cast a reflection in a mirror, even do without sleeping in his or her own Monogram coffin (or a Universal one too).

And the only way we can destroy these Things is by a double-cross.

Vampires nowadays are *twice* as deadly as ever.

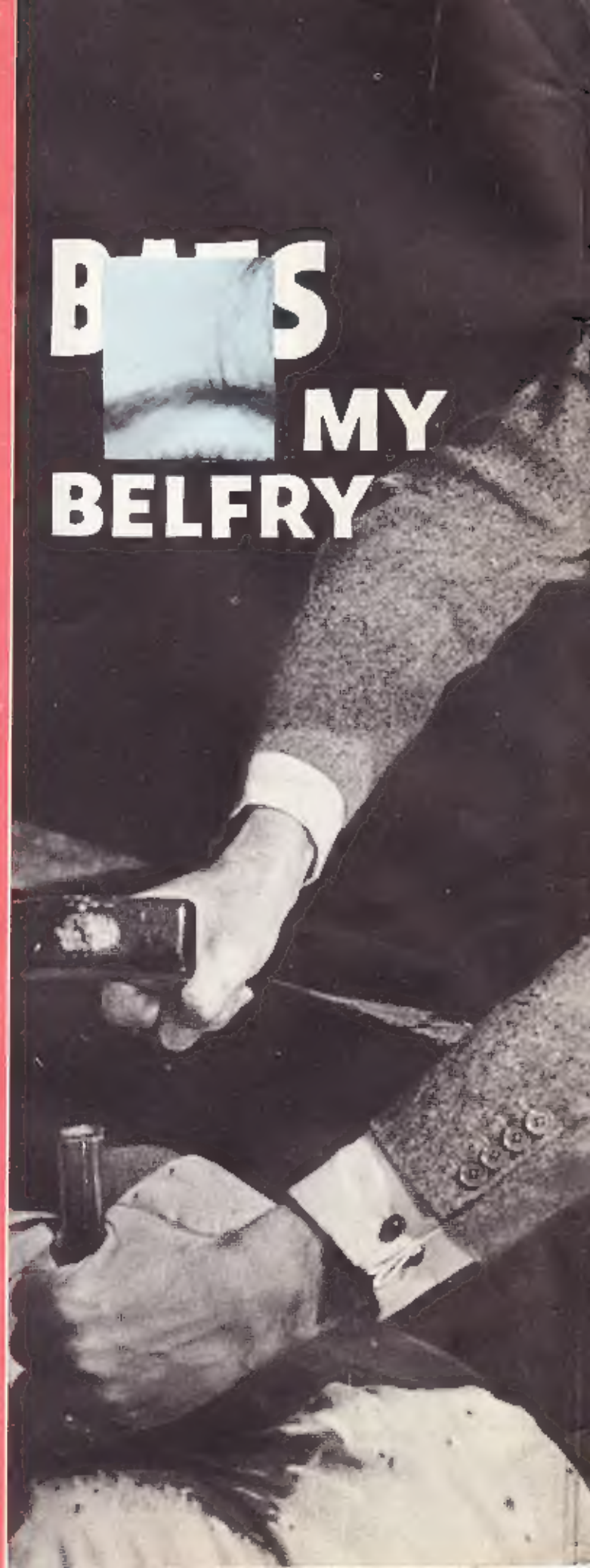
Fortunately, heroes with a stake in the vampire's business are springing so fast, you wonder where the yellow went.

Universal pictures, naturally, had been years ahead of their time when they produced the thum-
turn the page

Terror team of Bela Lugosi as the vampire and Matt Willis as the werewolf frighten the night-lights out of Nina Foch in RETURN OF THE VAMPIRE (Columbia, 1948)



BATS MY BELFRY



TEA

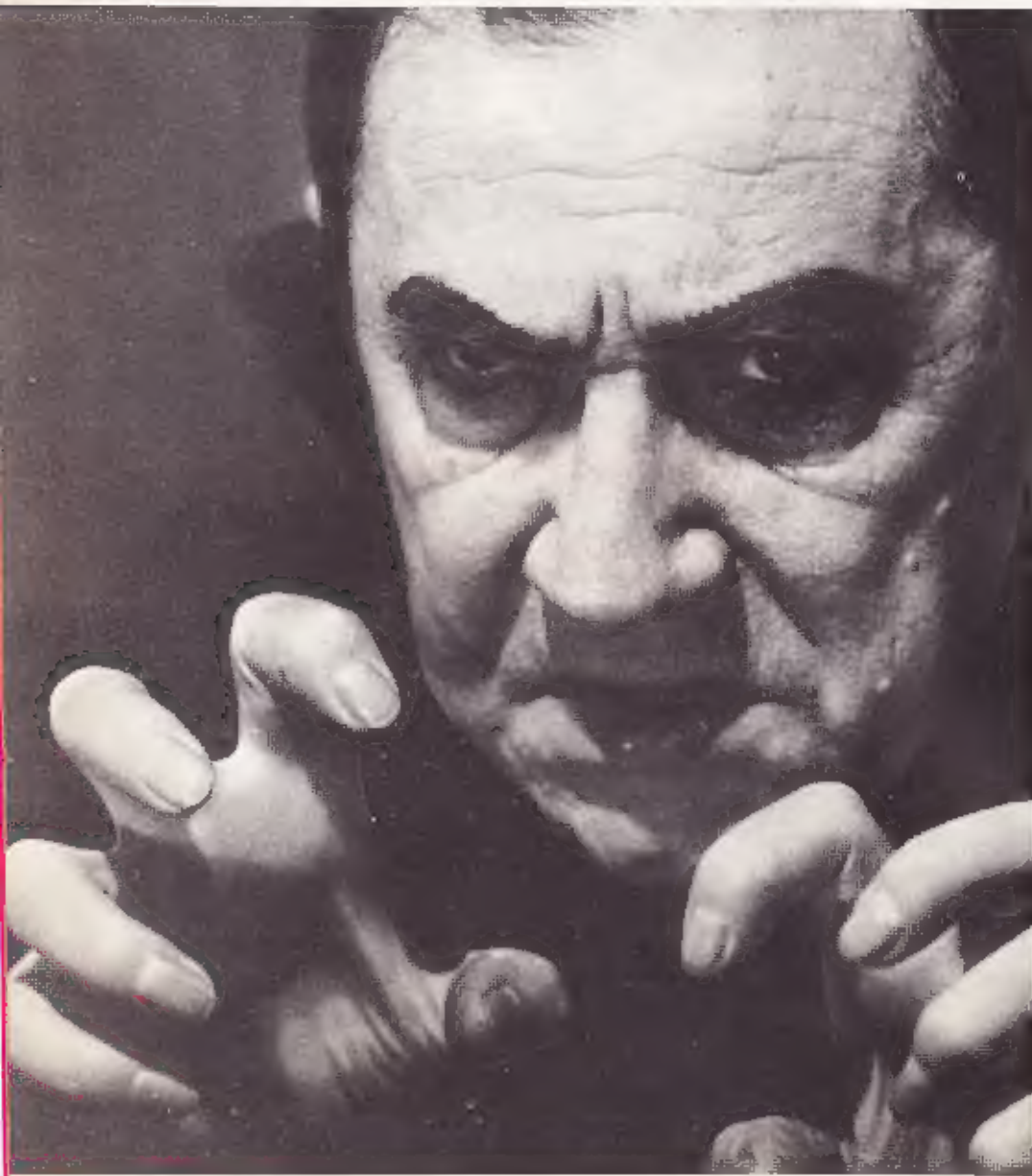


(Left) Professor van Helsing (Peter Cushing) instructs his students in the fine art of destroying vampires in *HORROR OF DRACULA*. (Above) One of the many *BRIDES OF DRACULA* is Andree Melly (Universal, 1960). (Below) Vampire victim John van Eyssen takes to a coffin in *Dracula's mausoleum* (*HORROR OF DRACULA*)





(Above) It's time for the **RETURN OF DRACULA** as Francis Lederer rises from his filter-tipped coffin (United Artists, 1958). (Below) King of the Vampires—Bela Lugosi



S MY RY

Count Christopher Lee spreads the **HORROR OF DRACULA** for Hammer Films (Universal release, 1958)

derous Flash Gordon serials of the late '30's. But now we realize this commendable studio had also been time-tapping tomorrow when filming **Son of Dracula** in 1943.

In one scene of this descendant drama, Universal depicted the modern vampire.

Lon Chaney Jr., starring as the sinister son, paraded past a full-length mirror which reflected his fearsome figure!

However, as **Alex Gordon**, Hollywood hit-maker of fantasy films, told us recently:

"There is only one true vampire version—that which Bela Lugosi made world famous in the original **Dracula**. No other can ever hope to compare to it."

The King of the Vampires, Most Dreaded of Draculas, will be remembered as the sharpest fiend ever to bite the dirt in Hollywood.

Complete with coffin and cape, Bela still continues to scare up nightmares for everyone who sees his toothy smile on the screen.

But Bela the Bat did not stop his career with just one vampire flight. For years he returned again and again to haunt theatres with his incisive presence.

Bela was Dracula-like for Columbia's **Return of the Vampire**.

Devil Bat saw him raising the fur with flying creatures that drained off local villages.

Once again as the original Count, Bela frightened the daylights out of one-time night club comics Abbott & Costello when they visited him at his eerie island castle in Universal's **Abbott & Costello Meet Frankenstein**.

Bela went bats again in **Mark of the Vampire**.

There have been other winged wonders who have soared the Shiver Screen:

turn to page 53

TERRORS

from



Rod Serling, talented author-host of the CBS teleseries, **The Twilight Zone**, has presented many fascinating and intriguing flights into fantasy during the several seasons he has amazed millions of America's viewing public.

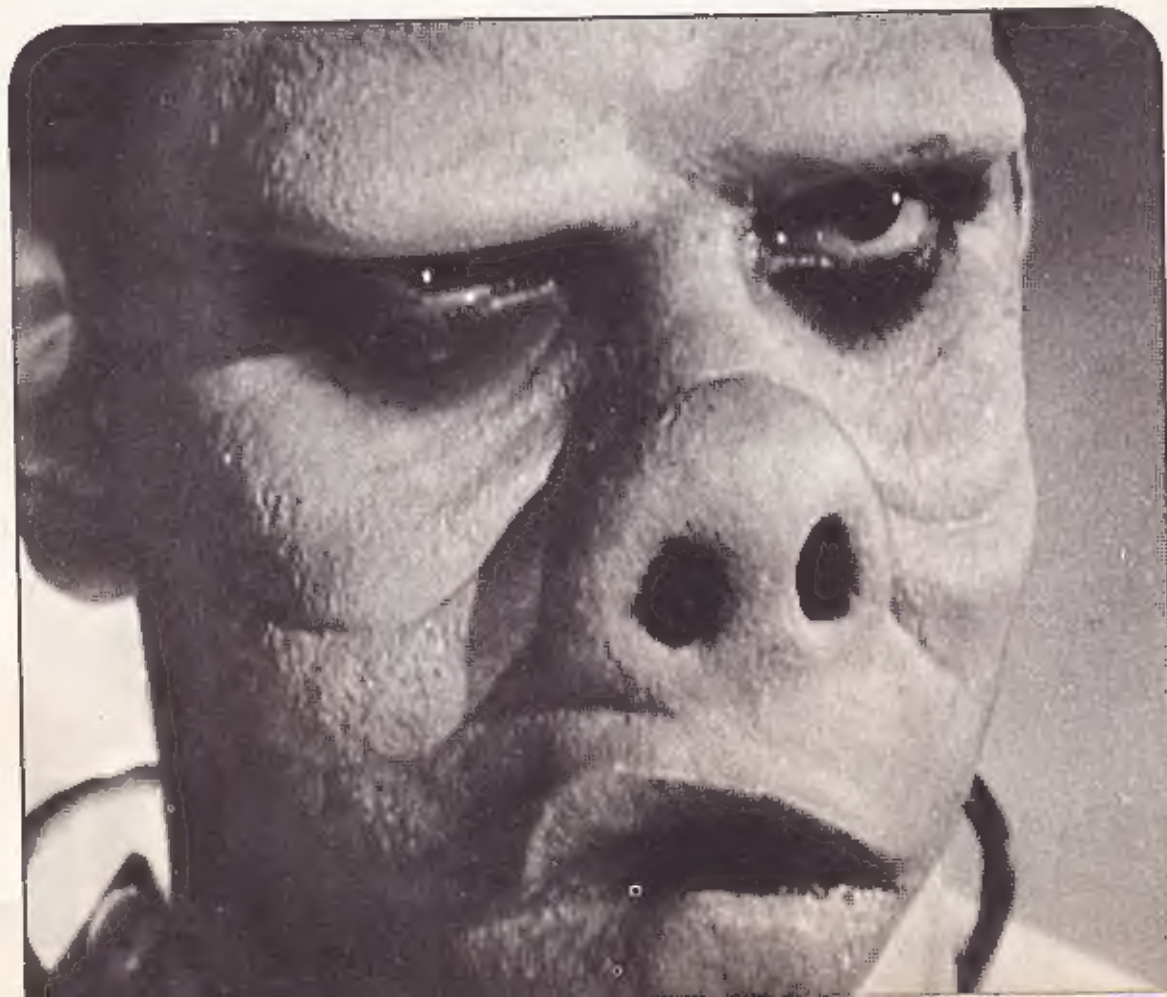
One of his most widely-heralded and often discussed single plays is the terrifying little tale called **Eye of the Beholder**.

In a wink, we see a future where a young woman, her head wrapped in bandages, is pleading with her doctors to perform plastic surgery to remold her face to normal.

White-masked faces and skilled hands begin the incisions; and when the fateful day arrives, the bandages are unwrapped to reveal the face of a hauntingly beautiful girl.

But, in this world of the Future, everyone wears the same, hideous, grotesque face. The girl who departed from the norm was a freak too hopeless for surgery to help.

FANTASTIC MONSTERS, for the first time anywhere, presents a photo of the Average Man of the Future! ●





I am still having a problem trying to explain why my creature in **Beast With a Million Eyes** is missing 99,998 orbs! As a matter of fact, I even had to explain it to *FaM's* editor!

There is, however, one simple answer:

You've got the wrong beast.

In the film, the monster that appears with the hypnotic spiral superimposed over him is actually the slave of the **Beast With a Million Eyes**. The true "Beast" is never shown.

One of the reasons we used the twin-eyed stooge was because the special effects for this film were on an extremely tight budget. There is a popular misconception about Hollywood Monster Makers. The plain truth is we do not always work on Million Dollar Movies, and we do not take home Million Dollar Paychecks. Often we have to work with limited funds in a budgeted amount of time. When the Big Money is not behind the film, we have to exercise even more imagination to create those "wonders" for the motion picture screen.

So all you monster fans who are looking for economical ways to work with your favorite hobby—making monsters—might follow these photos we set up for you.

First of all, you will want to get the materials you need.

That "special gooey rubber" you may have seen mysteriously mentioned in other magazines is really liquid latex. Today, you can purchase liquid latex at hobby, hardware, and arts & crafts stores all over the country. Instructions for its proper use are included. If you happen to have no luck obtaining the latex at any of these places, try contacting one of the local distributors for any of the big rubber companies through your telephone directory.

But remember: liquid latex is the sap of the rubber plant, period! Any-

turn to page 52



(Above, left) Shape monster from modeling clay—one with either a drying or oil base. (Above, right) Apply latex. Build up layers of rubber. Follow instructions on bottle and refer to this article. (Left) When "cured," slit the rubber up the back and work it off the clay form. Repeat for arms, legs, etc.



DEVIL'S

Hollywood Monsterdom's youngest master of special effects, Paul Blaisdell, takes you behind-the-scares to introduce do-it-yourself Monster-Making

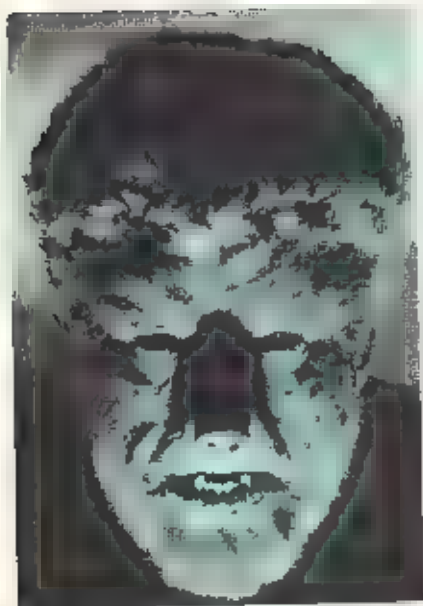


WORKSHOP



HORROR'S HAIRIEST HORROR

photos copyright 1941 by Universal Pic



*"Even a man who is pure
in heart,
And says his prayers by
night,
May become a wolf when
the wolfbane blooms,
And the moon is full and
bright."*

By day, he was a respectable young man, but by night he prowled the land.

So goes the woolly legend of the werewolf who was in Universal Pictures' classic shudder flicker *The Wolf Man*.

With a cast starry enough to decorate a Halloween sky (Evelyn Ankers, Bela Lugosi, Claude Rains, Warren Williams, Ralph Bellamy, Maria Ouspenskaya and Lon Chaney Jr. as the canine primate), *The Wolf Man* went sinking about the Universal soundstages, barking at cameramen, and whistling wolf calls at the script girls.

The Curse of the Wolf Man was upon Chaney and the Curse of the Werewolf fell over the theatre audiences who yet recall the menace that prowled the cloudy mists of the moors.

The hair-raiser starts tamely enough. Lawrence Talbot (Lon Chaney Jr.) lopes home to his father's castle after a long absence and is soon rubbing noses with his childhood sweetheart, the fair Gwen Concliffe (Evelyn Ankers), now the manager of her father's tourist snare, the local gift shop.

turn the page





Noticing a rack picketed with walking sticks, young Talbot is attracted to a cane upon which is mounted a silver wolf's head. He sniffs around after information about the unusual design of the stick, and Gwen tells him the five-pointed star represents the Sign of the Beast, and that the wolf's head is that of a werewolf.

"Old Wives' tales" grows Larry purchasing the cursed cane.

That night, a gypsy carnival arrives in town and Larry, Gwen and her girlfriend Jenny decide to take part in the frolic.

While Gwen and Larry trot off by themselves, Jenny's fortune is read by Bela Lugosi, the Gypsy. In the girl's trembling hand, Bela spies the Sign of Death.

Suddenly Gwen and Larry hear Jenny shriek!

Young Talbot roars towards the fortune teller's tent and comes upon a beastly sight—a huge wolf attacking Jenny.

Larry slams his silver-knobbed walking stick into the skull of the beast, finally beating the night creature to death.

But panting in victory Larry dis-

covers he has his own wounds to lick the bite of the wolf phantom.

The next day Larry awakens to hastily explore a wolf's head and the mark of the pentagram etched faintly on his bared chest. He recalls with a nagging, irresistible fear Gwen's tale of the Curse of the Werewolf.

That same morning, Police Inspector Montford (Ralph Bellamy) whips together a search party to hunt the forest for clues to Jenny's murderer. The villagers uncover Bela the Gypsy's battered corpse—and Larry Talbot's bloody cane alongside it.

Inspector Montford beats it for the Talbot mansion to question Larry.

Montford, Dr. Lloyd (Warren Williams), and Sir John Talbot (Claude Rains) listen attentively to Larry's story of how he killed the canine giant that had attacked Jenny.

But all insist that the wolf fangs on Larry's chest must all be in his head, there have been no wolves in the region since Larry left. The inspector believes Talbot killed Bela the Gypsy, mistaking him for a wolf during his bestial attack in the night.

Larry retraces his trail to the gypsy camp the following night and talks to Bela's mother, Maleva (played by Maria Ouspenskaya). She obligingly informs him that her son was a werewolf, and now that Larry has been bitten by a wolf man he will also feel the teeth of the curse.

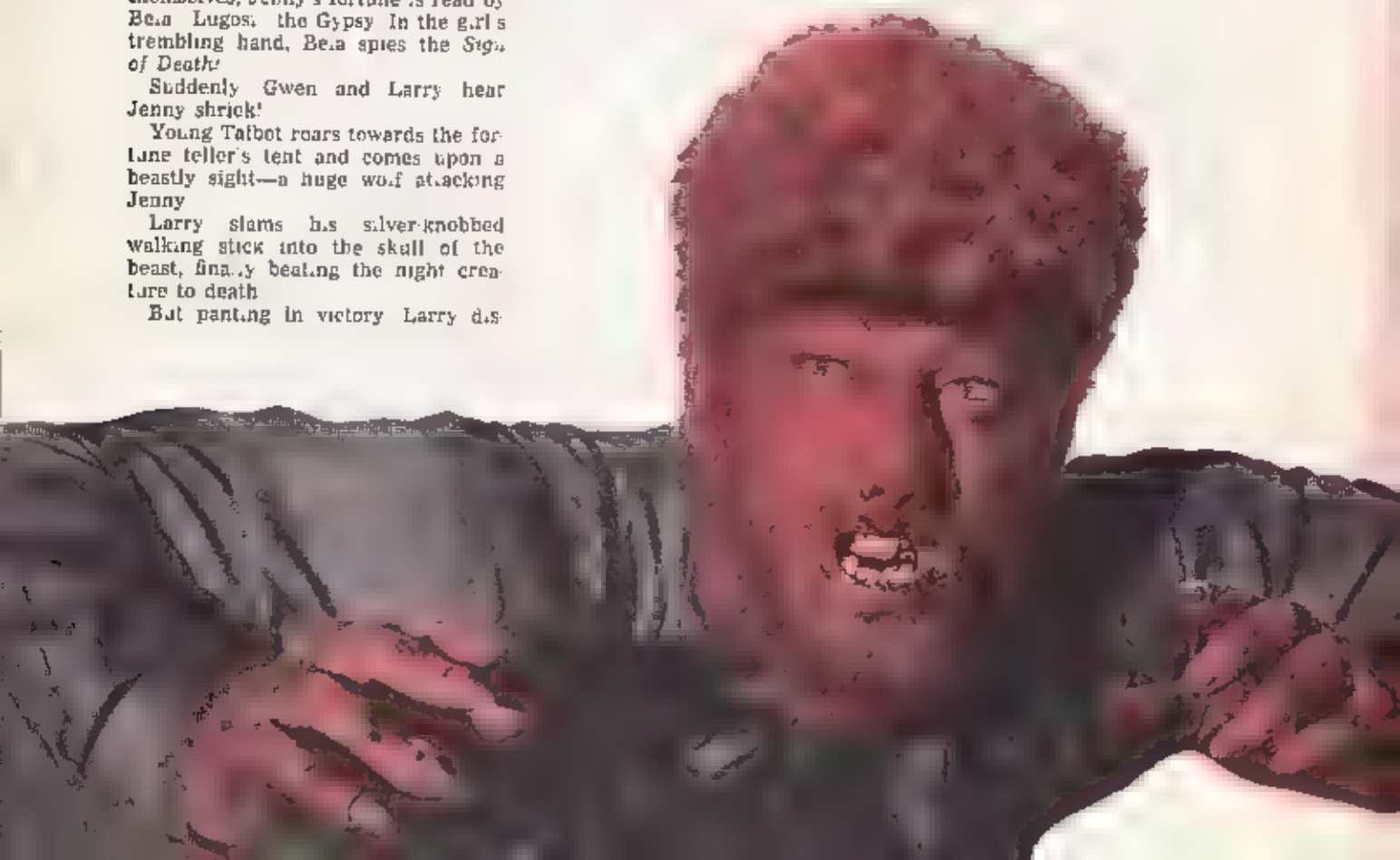
Talbot is disinclined to accept the fact he is a monster, but the fear grows until he is running in circles with the thought that he may be transformed into a wolf in the full of the moon.

His dread of the Curse reaches its summit when, by dawn, he learns of another brutal murder and finds the spoor of a wolf in his room!

Larry decides that for the safety of the village people he must leave the area.

But while saying goodbye to Gwen, he reads the Mark of Death in the palm of her hand.

Realizing there is not enough time to escape before the full moon rises



again, young Talbot confesses his terrifying tale to his father Sir John stubbornly refuses to believe his son changes into furry beast

Sir John himself is about to join the villagers in a search for the crazed killer when Larry insists he be strapped to a chair in his room. The elder Talbot is docilely obliging then leaves the castle for the hunt, taking his son's wolf-headed walking stick with him.

Soon the pale circle of moonlight rises full in the sky, and Larry Talbot slowly begins to change into the form of a ferocious Wolf Man in one of the most shocking scenes ever viewed on the screen!

He bursts his bonds and crashes out of his room growling his contempt at Gillette and the moon.

Meanwhile, back at the branch, Gwen is searching the woods. She comes upon Maleva the Gypsy Woman sitting blandly in her wagon. Maleva tells Gwen that she should not attempt to locate Larry Talbot while the moon is full and a werewolf prowls the grounds.

Paying no attention to Maleva's irritating timidity, Gwen dashes further into the foggy forest.

Lurking behind a tree eyeing her every movement, is the shadowy form of the Wolf Man!

Without warning, the beast lunges at Gwen!

Gwen's scream echoes through the woods and Sir John, still with the search party, hears her cry and races wildly to her aid.

He spots the Wolf Man and Gwen, and charges the creeping creature. Using his son's cane, Sir John mercilessly beats it upon the furry head of the werewolf, finally slaying his son.

The villagers, close on Sir John's heels, reach the scene of horror.

They find the elder Talbot, standing terror-stricken over the lifeless body of the Wolf Man. As they stare down at the form, the features slowly melt into the face of fun-loving Larry.

The Wolf Man's bones will be buried 'neath the constant moon for evermore.

But

When the wolfbane blooms ? ●



Matinee Menace

Rocketship fueled? Ray-Gun charged?
Then strap yourself into your acceleration
couch and get set to blast-off into
the serial sky, shot through with comets
of doom and stars of peril

Commander Tody Sky Marshal
of the Unvovan defends Earth
from invading PADAP MEN
FROM THE MOON (Republic
1951)



The Vice Ranger Larry Stewart needs the aid of a gun scene in this scene from Columbia's CAPTAIN JETTER, a tale of Rhett and 1951



Superman is killed in the volcano and job by Matter Transm. K & L as in Man of Steel in ATOM MAN VS. VOLCANO (Columbia 1950)

Surrounded by a sizzling display of
film flames Lois Lane girl reporter
for a great metropolitan newspaper,
leisurely sinks to the floor of the burn-
ing building.

Hungry flames begin to lick at her
toes as an ominous fog of silver smoke
fills the room curtaining off the slender
sob-sister.

THEN—an Earth-shaking gong
thrills through you and you see a cir-
cle of black sweep across the theatre
screen.

Is this the end of Lois Lane?

Will she be burned to death in this
inferno? Or will she manage to escape
from a horrible death?

These questions wind-milling in
your head and popcorn battering in
your hand, you return to the theatre
next week just in time to catch sight
of a scarlet and blue caped figure
swooping down from the skies to
smash through the walls of Lois' fiery
tomb.

It's Superman!

The indestructible Man of Steel
scoops up the stunned and stunning
reporter and flies her to safety.



Nyoka the Jungle Girl surprised by an unidentified friend in Republic's JUNGLE GIRL, based on the famous novel by Edgar Rice Burroughs.

Once again the Man of Tomorrow has saved the day—and his girl-friend's life!

So begins episode 11 of Columbia's serial sensation, *Superman*, starring Kirk Alyn as the invulnerable immigrant from the planet Krypton, and lovely Noel Neill as Lois Lane.

Heroes and heroines have been thrilling serial audiences for over 50 years, starting with *What Happened to Mary* in 1912. There has been an endless parade of perils packing the picture houses

Tristram Coffin jetting through the stratosphere as *King of the Rocket men*,

Don Winslow of the Coast Guard washing over the Scorpion,

Captain Video rocketing into time and space to match ray guns with Vultura, prominent Pretender to the title "Dictator of the Universe",

Bela Lugosi gesturing hypnotically as *Mandrake the Magician*,

Batman and Robin teaming against Dr. Daka who assembly lines zombies

Whether the cliffhangers lasted 12,

13, or 15 (even 115!) chapters we were always guaranteed to be at the ringside of the greatest thrills and spills Earth-side or elsewhere.

Relive the daring (if you dare the reliving) of Superman, Captain Marvel, Sky Altitude, Buck Rogers, Brick Bradford, Congo Bill, Bruce Gentry, Batman, Commando Cody, Crimson Ghost, and hundreds of others in future issues of *FANTASTIC MONSTERS*, where there's always another episode coming up in Hollywood's serial story! ●



The King of All Monsters, KONG, wrestles with a Tyrannosaurus in the jungles of Skull Island. See champion screamer Fay Wray perched up in the twisted tree, watching the tussle?



This Tyrannosaurus Rex claws out of Naasout Studios' BEAST OF HOLLOW MOUNTAIN (United Artists release, 1955)



The triple horrors, the Triceratops, wage war against each other as Cesar Romero and friends look on in this scene from Robert L. Ripert's THE LOST CONTINENT (1951)

The last dinosaur emitted a final, howl of loneliness and frustration that echoed and re-echoed throughout the steaming jungles of the world in which he lived. He toppled to earth like a gigantic prehistoric steam shovel—and the crash of his massive body brought to a thundering climax the Great Era of Pre-History in which he existed.

We will probably never really know exactly why he died: changes of climate, shortages of food—we can only guess. But we do know that the Tyrant King was dead, and the world was now safe for the Age of Mammals—and the Age of Man.

Today in the world's many museums we can see models of nature's experiments with *living monsters*, and detailed reconstructions of their bones. And, thanks to the laboring technicians in Hollywood, we've also seen these very same creatures "live" again in the fantastic films of the cinema screen.

At the theatres, we've witnessed dinosaurs crashing through their Dawn Age jungles, sometimes hunted by Man, oftentimes plagued by other ferocious beasts. In some films the prehistoric pets have charged into our teeming cities, creating panic wherever they lumber.

The Brontosaurus was a tame, vegetarian friend; the Tyrannosaurus Rex a flesh-eating fiend. However, all of the dinosaur clan have at one time or another been carefully recreated and operated by Filmdom's Masterminds—makeup men, special effects departments and animators. Through Hollywood, we have been taken back a million years in time to the days and nights when the skyscraper-high beasts reigned.

Although Hollywood frequently makes the mistake of placing dinosaurs in fictional environments, credit is due Universal International Pictures for allowing the Elasmosaurus from *Land Unknown* to romp around in his correct element.

In real life, the Elasmosaurus (meaning *meta*, plated *land*) swam through the inland seas of North America near an area which is today known as Kansas. Huge and fearsome, very little escaped his swiftly-snapping jaws, propelled by his serpentine neck.

The Lost Continent showed us the terrible Triceratops—curious creatures who might very well be the great-great-great grandfather of what is today referred to as the Western Horned Toad.

Although the Triceratops translation "3 horns on the head" would prefer eating radishes to readers, more than once did they battle each other for such delicacies as prehistoric potatoes.

In *The Lost Continent*, these triple-horned terrors lunged and snapped at one another constantly with their beak-like snouts. Bills bouncing off his saurian hide, one even ended up making like an

turn to page 24

DAWN AGE BEASTS

Leapin' Lizards and Flying Ones too —
Part One of the history of monster menaces from
Earth's dim red past

A prehistoric peril, the Elasmosaurus, surges from the murky depths of an untathomable warm water region near the South Pole in *LAND UNKNOWN* (Universal Pictures, 1957)







BLACK LOTUS

by ROBERT BLOCH

Peddling this Rosy Horror is Robert Bloch, Grave Fancier whose Biers Made Milwaukee Famous before Hollywooding such Tele- and Cine-magics and Tomb Tones as THE COUCH, PSYCHO, CABINET OF DR CALIGARI, YOURS TRULY — JACK THE R PPER, and . . .

This is the story of Genghur the dreamer and of the curious fate that overtook him in his dreams a story old men whisper in the souks of Ispahan as other old men once whispered it in fabled Teraz five thousand years ago. What portion of it is truth and what portion only fantasy I leave unto your judgement. There are strange sayings in the banned books and Al-hazred had reasons for his madness, but as I have said, the judgement rests with you. I but relate the tale.

Know then that Genghur was lord over a distant kingdom in the days of the griffin and the fleet-winged unicorn. Rich and powerful was his domain, and peaceful, and well-ruled withal, so that its sovereign need occupy himself only with his pleasures.

Handsome was Genghur but formed as a woman is formed, so that he cared

turn the page

not for the chase of many earth. His days were spent in rest and study and his nights in revelry amongst the women. The functions of government rested upon the shoulders of Hassim el Wafir the Vizier who, he true Sultan doled at his pleasures.

Genghis was the fee he led and soon the land was torn by dissension and corruption. But his Genghis heeded not at all. Hassim he ordered flayed for misuse of office. And there was revolution and killing throughout the land, and then a fearful plague arose but all his Genghis minded not even though two-thirds of his people died. For his thoughts were aken and far away and the weight of his rule he felt as a feather. His eyes knew only the musty pages of encased books and the soft white flesh of women. The witchery of wine and wine and wenches cast a spell upon his senses. There was dark magic in the black bound books his father had brought from ancient conquered realms and there was enchantment in the old wines and the young bodies that his desire knew so that he lived in a land of unrea and dreams. Surely he could have been were it not for those left in the land, after the plague had fled to other kingdoms leaving him in an empty city. The report of her going never reached his ears, for well his courtiers knew that those who brought us pleasing news were beheaded. But one by one they slipped away taking with them gold and precious jewels, and the palace lay deserted under a sky that shone upon a barren land.

No longer did the women rest with in the zenana or disport as maids beside the amber pools. The Sultan turned to other pleasures from the realms of Calcutta and robes of velvet back he lay and toyed with the juices of the poppy. They did not come indeed but a dream or an opium visioned nightmares with the semblance of events and places mentioned in the old tales that he read by day. Time became but as the lengthening of a moment's dream. Genghis ventured for his gardens no more and he did not take of food and wine. He forgot his books he forgot and lay for the time in a drugged sleep heedless the coming and going of the few followers that remained with him in his retinue. And a silence of desolation fell upon the land.

Now it came to pass that opium and other drugs were not enough so that Genghis was forced to seek recreation in other and more potent distraction. And in one of the caravans he heard of a subtle poison brewed from the juices of the Black Lotus that grows beneath the waving papyrus. Dire and dreadful were the warnings of the scribe regarding the concoction of this forbidden preparation, for its genesis was deemed evil and the dangers surrounding its use were

were deemed a treacherous term. But Genghis turned for the drink of oblivion and for the promise of a vision and would be content with the taste of a forbidden fruit.

His secret was soon discovered and deserted for a few days he repentant of his stephants and courtiers had departed from the dusky hall whose clear splendour had long since been

returned—a fortnight during which the dreamer tried in vain to beguile his satiated senses with the common reek of the white flower. Overjoyed was he when the slave returned with his precious burden and brewed from it the blissful juices of nepenthe, following the injunctions set forth in the curious book. But he did not speak of his journey, or venture aught concerning the fate of his two companions.



After he had found out the land of opiate dreams. There now remained but three faithful servants to guard Genghis on his journey of sins, and these he called and commanded them to journey forth and seek the venom of the Black Lotus in the barren swamps afar of which the cryptic books had told. And they were much afraid for him and for themselves because they had heard curious legends with no accord they could recall his words. But he grew angry and his eyes were seen to glaze like opals whereat they obeyed.

A fortnight passed ere one of them

and even the dazed dreamer wondered why he kept his features veiled. In his eagerness he did not inquire but was content to see the philtre carefully compounded and the pearly-hued liquor inserted in the narghah immediately upon the completion of this task. The servitor departed and no man knows the manner of his going save that he lashed his camel far across the desert riding as though possessed by demons. Genghis did not note his gonu-beset progress for already he was enraptured at the thought of what was to come. Indeed he had not stirred from his divan in the palace chambers, and in his brain was naught but the thirsty dement of

desire for the strange new thrill foretold in the elder lore. Queer dreams were promised to him who who durst inhale the fumes dreams of which the old book dare not even hint—"Dreams which surpass Reality, or blend with it in new and unhallowed ways." So spake the scribes, but Genghir was not afraid, and heeded only the promise of delights it was said to hold.

And so it was that he lay on the couch that evening and smoked his hookah alone in the deepening darkness, a dream-king in a land where all but dreams was dead. His divan overlooked the balcony high above the empty city, and as the moon rose its crescent given rays glistened upon the iridescent bubbleings of the white fluid in the great bowl, through which the smoke was drawn. Sweet indeed was the essence's taste, sweeter than the honeycombs of Kashmir or the kisses of the chosen brides of Paradise. Slowly there came stealing over his senses a new and delightful languor—it was as if he were a creature free-born, a being of the boundless air. He gazed half seeing at the bubbles, and suddenly they bubbled up, up, up until they bathed the room in a veil of shimmering beauty and he felt all identity vanish in their crystalline depths.

Now ensued a period of profound and mystic sadness. He seemed to lie within the graven walls of a tomb, upon a slab of pale-white marble. Shrill funereal pipings seemed to echo from afar and his nostrils were titillated by the distilled aromatic incense of the sepulchral lily. He knew himself to be dead and yet he retained the consciousness that was his own in life. The timelessness of common dreams was not his. Not centuries passed on leadenly and he knew every second of their length as he lay within the tomb of his fathers, entombed upon a slab covered with stone that was carved with demon-like bas-reliefs.

Long after the odors and the music had faded from the darkness in which he lay came the advent of corruption. He felt his body grow bloated, purulent, felt his features coagulate and his limbs slough off into charnel ooze and slime. And even that was as an instant in the weary dragging hours of his eternity there. So much longer did he lie bodiless that he lost all conscious recollection of ever having possessed one and even the dust that had been his bones lost all significance to him. The past, present and future were as naught, and thus unconsciously Genghir had revealed unto him the basic mystery of life.

Years later the crumbling walls above thunderously asunder, and shards of debris covered over the decaying slab that housed naught but an undying consciousness. And even they were overcast by dust and earth, until there was but nothingness to mark

the sight of the proud tomb where once lay the lords of the house of Genghir. And the soul of Genghir was as nothingness alone amongst nothingness.

Such was the substance of the first dream. As the flicker of his soul expired into everlasting darkness within the earth Genghir awoke and he was sweat-bathed, trembling with fear and as pale as the death he feared. And anon he turned the pages of his book to where it spoke of the Lotus and its prophecies thereof and thus he read:

The first dream shall foretell that which is to come.

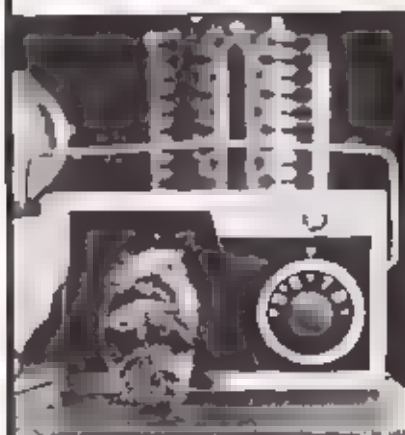
Whereat Genghir grew much afraid and closed the book in the ensuering moonlight, then lay back upon his couch, and tried to sleep, and to forget. But then there came stealing upon his senses the subtly sweet odor of the essence and its magic enigmoured and engulfed, till he grew frantic with the insidious craving for all its sinister soothing. Forgotten was fear and prophetic warning, all dissolved into desire. His fumbling fingers found the hookah, his feverish lips closed upon the stem, and his being knew peace.

But not for long. Once again the opaque mists of roscate, sweet voluptuousness parted and dissolved and the enchantment of rapturous ineffable bliss faded as a new vision supervened.

He was himself awoken and rose from the couch in the light of dawn to gaze haggardly upon a new day. He saw the wretched agony of his being as the drug wore off its potency and left his body racked with spasms of exquisite pain. His head seemed to swell as if about to burst, his rotting, benighted brain seemed to grow inside his skull and split his head asunder. He beheld his frantic gropings about the deserted chamber, the mad capers of grotesque agony that made him tear his hair and foam epileptically at the mouth and gibber terribly as he clawed with twitching fingers at his temples. The white-hot mist of searing anguish sent him reeling to the floor, and then it seemed as though in his dreamconsciousness there came to him a horrible longing to be rid of his torment at any cost and to escape from a living hell to a dead one. In his madness he cursed the book and the warning, cursed the ghastly lotus flower and its essence, cursed himself and his pain. And as the stark biting teeth of his torture bored still closer to the roots of his sanity he saw himself drag his rigid, paralytic body to the outer balcony of his deserted palace and with a grimace of agony greater than can be sensed by sanity he raised himself slowly to the rail. Meanwhile as he stood there his head swelled and bloated to monstrous unbelievable proportions, then burst rottenly asunder in a ghastly blob of gray and

turn to page 62

MAD LAB RADIO!



It appears to be one of those little imported transistor radios but just turn it on. WOW! The dummy speaker flips to one side and a 'shrew' jumps out with a wild squeal.

Mad Lab radio is all metal, lithographed in four colors. Has fold-down carrying handle, three dimensional dummy dial and working off-on switch, which releases 'shrew'.

YOU invite your buddy or girl friend, to turn on your Mad Lab radio, then watch them climb the wall, when the squealing 'shrew' leaps out at them!

Only \$1.00 postpaid

CASTLE DRACULA

Toronto, California

Horrors In Hollywood

Glassy-eyed and pale, Frank the monster takes on the role in a typical shooting day, proving it's better to be a filmed fiend than a speed bump.

"Wake up, dear—it's time for work and you haven't shaved yet! Shooting days mean rising early, like at 5 in the morning."

10



"Since you clowns won't come peacefully, it's up to Frankie Glenn to get the film rolling."

4



"Smile, Lou—you're on camera!" Frankie puts the famous comedian through his paces.

5

"Hoo Boy! The director said it's time for lunch!" A break in shooting is always a welcome relief.

6

"I bake the best cakes this side of Betty Crocker," a Universal starlet tells Frankie Glenn.

7





"Nuts I can hardly squeeze into my shoes anymore" Then it's a march to the Universal studios to begin monsterly duties for a new fright flicker

2

'Aww fellows - please? Stars Abbott & Costello are holding out for bigger pay, and also holding up production

3



don't miss



"So you finally found the mousetrap I placed in your lunch box eh?" Wolf Man Chaney says, "Fangs for talking you bloke with a joke."

8

the next
FANTASTIC
MONSTERS
when we rejo'n
Glenn Strange,
Lon Chaney Jr.,
and Bela Lugosi
on the set
of Universal
Pictures'
ABBOTT &
COSTELLO MEET
FRANKENSTEIN

But the table has been so full of
races no one could ever object to
such loose history and great movies.

Mystery Museum

Rare photos from the cryptic
FANTASTIC MONSTER

Here is Boris Karloff the Uncanny as he appeared in the title role of MGM's 1932 Production **Mask of Fu-Manchu**

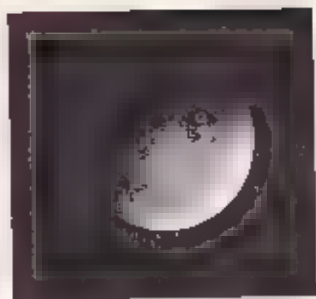
'The Yellow Peril' as the insidious mastermind was titled in the original novels by author Sax Rohmer, was also featured in several other suspenseful films **Mysterious Dr Fu-Manchu** (1929) and **Return of Dr Fu-Manchu** (1930) two Warner Charlie Chan O and starrers and **Drums of Fu-Manchu**, a 15 chapter Republic serial of 1940

Since the evil doctor's creation in 1913 over 40 novels have appeared the latest being **Emperor Fu-Manchu**, published in 1960 shortly after Sax Rohmer's death from causes not unlike a plot of Fu Manchu himself a mysterious oriental poison was suspected, but not proved by Scotland Yard •

DESTINATION MOON



Man's Eternal Dream — the final conquest of outer space and the exploration of our nearest planetary neighbor, the Moon. Here, for the first time anywhere, is the prophetic story of a science fiction film which is still as timely as today's headlines.



Years before film producer George Pal placed actor Rod Taylor in an H.G. Wells Time Machine, even before he caused worlds to collide or launched an Academy Award winning Martian Invasion on Earth, he was determined to take a celluloid journey by rocketship to the Moon. And after 48 months of a staggering amount of work and research, Pal's *Destination Moon* loomed up on the world's theatre screens, and rocketed into a permanent niche in Hollywood's Motion Picture Hall of Fame.

Filmed in technicolor, against the beautiful and authentic outer space scenery designed by technical artist Chesley Bonestell, *Destination Moon* held audiences everywhere spellbound. The film even had some Europeans wondering if America actually had reached Luna.

The science fiction epic posed tremendous problems for the small army of technicians who worked on it, and solutions were arrived at in ingenious ways. To produce the unwinking stars in theinky blackness of space, over 1,500 automobile headlights were connected by miles of wire to a back-drop consisting of 400-feet of black velvet. A life-size spaceship cabin and airlock were scientifically constructed in an enormous rotating drum, so the actors could walk with the "free fall" effect of no gravity.

Upwards of 130 men labored for two months to construct the vast and rugged surface of the moon. The actors themselves had to learn to float in the air and walk up walls. (They were aided in their efforts by Steinway wires and special harnesses.)

To achieve the effect of a crushing acceleration, as the

turn the page



Jim Barnes (John Archer), president of an aircraft corp., supervises the production of a rocket capable of journeying to the Moon.



The ship is finally completed. Then, with the powerful thrust of its atomic engines, it hurtles spaceward, its sole destination—the Moon.

Dr. Cargraves (Warner Anderson) hands a special pill to space-sick Joe Sweeney (Dick Wesson).

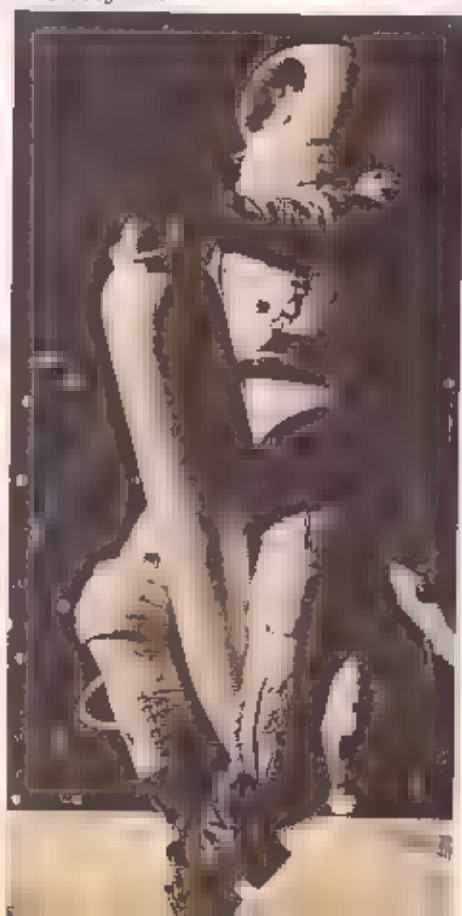
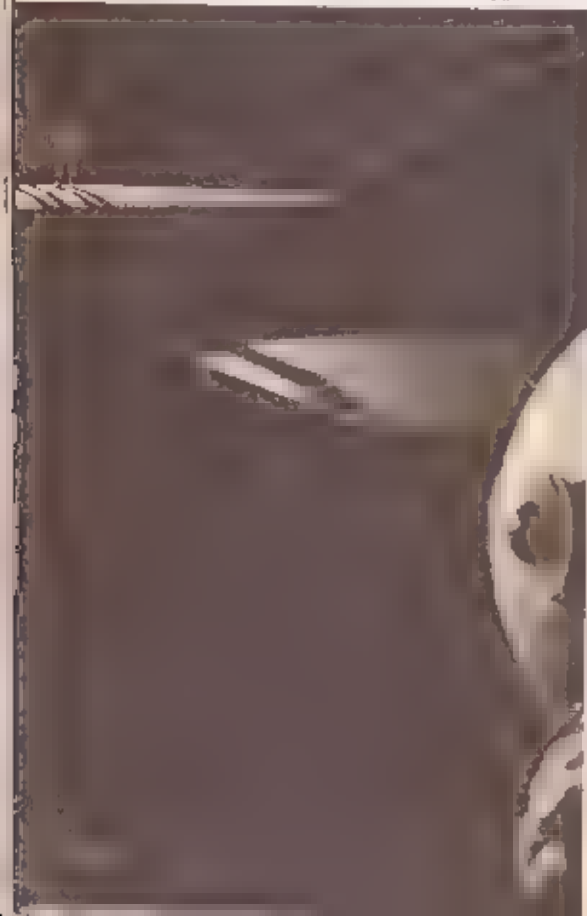




Man takes his first look at Earth from outer space awestruck at the magnificent sight of our planet orbiting in the black void Barnes gives each of the astronauts magnetized boots to keep them from floating about the ship, now that they are in free fall



Discovering Sweeney has greased the ship's radar antenna (causing it to freeze, three of the men go out into the hull to repair the damage Cargraves floats away from the Luna and Barnes strangles an oxygen bottle threatening him



spaceship *Luna* blasted from Earth, near-invisible rubber membranes were stretched across the actors' faces when they lay pinned to their couches

The marvellous \$35,000 space rocket contained a startling array of meticulously authenticated dials and gadgets. They represented the careful calculations of researchers, physicists, astronomers, and a host of other specialists, who worked over the dummy instruments as conscientiously as if they were literally intending the mock spaceship to orbit the Moon

To obtain a feeling of greater depth in some of the moon scenes midgets were substituted for the regular actors. Bounding across the lunar surface in their colorful spacesuits near a reduced mode of the rocket, they provided scenes which gave perspective

The actual story itself was a refreshing departure from the all too familiar Hollywood clichés. Adapted from the novel *Rocket Ship Gamma* by Robert A. Heinlein the film seriously concerned itself with the problems of four daring Columbuses who take the theatre audiences with them on the first well-planned, but extremely perilous, expedition to the Moon

The men Dr Charles Cargraves, Jim Barnes, General Thayer and Joe Sweeney were portrayed by Warner Anderson, John Archer, Tom Powers and Dick Wesson. In the picture, these pioneer astronauts were united by the common ideal that if we are to exist in our present status beyond our generation we must get to the Moon and get there first

By pooling the not inconsiderable resources of atomic physicists, industrialists and others an adventuresome but practical new spaceship design became a reality

At 3:50 A.M., in the pre-dawn blackness of the Mojave Desert the 110-foot long rocket, the *Luna*, lifted its silver body from the sandy floor and roared into the unknown

In less than four minutes, it was 800 miles from Earth rocketing into interplanetary space at the unheard-of velocity of 32,000-feet per-second

Passing from the Earth's shadow into the brilliant perpetual glare of the sun, the great atomic engines shut off, and the man-made projectile streaked for the Moon, in free fall and utter silence

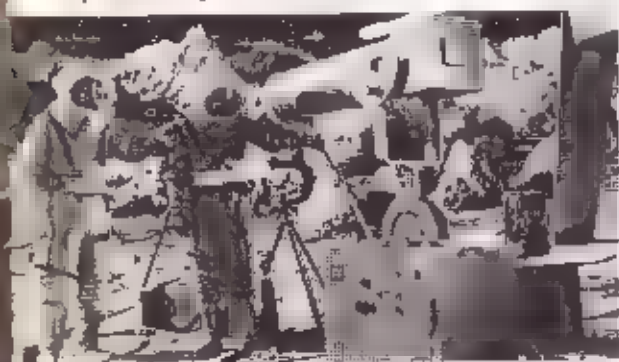
Aboard the silver ship, Cargraves, Barnes, Thayer and Sweeney found that they would

turn the page



(Above) Landing on the Moon, the spacemen begin exploration of Earth's natural satellite

(Below) They must lighten the ship if they are to return home and the adventurers begin by ripping out the heavy instruments.



DESTINATION, from page 29

have to adjust themselves to many new experiences—ranging from walking on walls in magnetic boots to eating sandwiches upside-down while travelling at seven miles a second.

Halfway to the Moon the discovery of a frozen radar antenna led three of the astronauts to don their spacesuits and crawl out onto the ship's hull for repair work. While checking the rocket tubes for possible blastoff damage, Dr. Cargraves became detached from the hull, and Barnes barely rescued him in time by using one of the *Luna's* oxygen bottles as a miniature spaceship. Utilizing the nozzle of the oxygen tank, he jetted after the floating scientist, then returned them both to the ship.

The four adventurers finally landed their rocket in the lunar crater Harpalus high in the northern latitudes of the moon. A busy exploration period followed. The crew examined the

timeless pitted surface of the Moon, engaged in astro-photography, and checked for valuable mineral deposits. Impressions of sights never before seen by human eyes were radioed back to a waiting Earth. And, at last, the time came to return to the mother planet.

Now a horrifying predicament was discovered.

With the little amount of fuel left in its tanks, the *Luna* was carrying too much weight to pull free of the Moon's gravity. It looked as though one of the space travellers would have to remain behind forever. Even when the ship was stripped of every movable object, including the radios, it was still many pounds too heavy.

As the men discussed the terrifying thought of one of their number remaining on the Moon Joe Sweeney, the radio man quietly slipped into the last on-board spacesuit and left the ship, voluntarily offering to give up his life so that the others could return to Earth.

Barnes, the youthful industrialist, hit upon a scheme for lightening the ship still further and frantically

called Sweeney back.

Still in his spacesuit the radio man was instructed to file a small notch under the outer airlock door. He then attached his suit to an empty oxygen cylinder with a length of rope. Placing the rope in the filed groove, he hung the cylinder outside the *Luna* and closed the door.

The airlock was pumped full of air and Sweeney removed his 50 pound suit. He retreated to the control room through an inner door.

The inner door was sealed, and the outer one opened by remote control. The vacuum of the airless Moon rushed into the chamber and the suit was pulled across the floor and out of the ship by the weight of the heavy oxygen bottle.

With a collective sigh of relief the men closed the outer airlock door for the last time and strapped themselves in their couches. The *Luna* rose on a towering column of orange flame, plunging into space heading for Mother Earth and home and to the cheers of enthusiastic movie-goers for the man who made it all possible, the talented George Pal.

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James Arness	Allen Case	James Dean	Mark Goddard	Carol Lynley	Juliet Prowse
John Ashley	Richard Chamberlain	Sandra Dee	Don Grady	George Maharis	Steve Roques
Frankie Avalon	Chubby Checker	Bob Denver	Lorne Greene	Jayne Mansfield	Debbie Reynolds
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Warren Beatty	Barry Cor	Dion	Brett Halsey	Donald May	Date Robertson
Ben Blocker	Chuck Connors	Troy Donahue	George Hamilton	James McArthur	Bobby Ryde
Ward Bond	Robert Conrad	Tony Dow	Ty Hardin	Diane McBain	Tommy Sands
Pat Boone	Tim Considine	Clint Eastwood	Charlton Heston	Doug McClure	Jack Scott
Richard Boone	Johnny Crawford	Vincent Edwards	Dwayne Hickman	Gardner McKay	Margaret Serrano
Stephen Boyd	Robert Crawford Jr.	Anta Ekberg	Eddie Hodges	Steve McQueen	Jeremy Sate
Peter Brown	Tony Curtis	Ron Ely	Robert Horton	Hayley Mills	John Smith
Raymond Burr	Bobby Darin	Eve Ely	Rock Hudson	Martin Miller	Roger Smith
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		Febian Forte	Jack Keely	Ricky Nelson	Dean Stockwell
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"I choose the death scene of Ygor the Shepherd in Universal's *Son of Frankenstein*, with Boris Karloff intoning goodbye to the bearded Bela Lugosi."

Do you have a favorite scene you'd like us to capture in this department.

Write us about it. Published letters will earn the actual photo from *FANTASTIC MONSTERS'* "Wanted" catalog'.



I DIED SCREAMING



Killer Diller Ape

Jungle Johnny Weissmuller, Crowned Prince of the Dark Continent, pits himself against Africa's hairiest menace, a rampaging half-human creature, in the Columbia thriller, **KILLER APE**



In his every film, Jungle Johnny Weissmuller has been forced to break from monumental dangers. Big John has rescued misplaced safaris plunged into angry torrents, splashed into crocodile herds' private lagoons. He has been trapped by a brain-snapping collection of troubles from an unabridged Catalog of Doom.

Fighting jealous gorillas as **Tarzan the Ape Man**;
Protecting his prize skull from voodoo witch doctors in **Valley of the Head Hunters**;

Turning back the clock for million year old monsters in Jungle Jim's trip to **The Forbidden Land**;

Swinging into the teeth of vampire bats when **Tarzan Escapes**;

Singeing the Fire-Demons on the trail to **The Devil Goddess** . . .

The list could go on with struggles with rib-fracturing pythons, bull-doing elephants confidently grinning tigers, and royally angry lions, chest-drumming baboons, non-vegetarian sharks plaguing his vacations. But now a terribly upset 8 foot 6 inch ape man gives Johnny his toughest test as Hollywood's King of the Jungle.

Columbia Pictures' monkey-murderer, **Killer Ape**, made in 1953, was filmed by the Kings of the Serials, producer Sam Katzman and director Spencer G. Bennet with the scripting of Carroll Young and Arthur Hoerl, familiar travellers on the pathways of the Hollywood jungles.

The fast-paced action adventure gets off to a running start when Jungle Jim (Johnny Weissmuller) comes upon a tribe of natives who are trapping wild animals for white hunters.

Questioning them, Jungle Jim learns the animals are being used as guinea pigs by the hunters' boss, a biologist named Andrews.

Unknown to both Jim and the natives is the fact that Andrews has been experimenting to perfect a drug which can paralyze the minds and bodies of men. He is using the jungle creatures for his research tests. After formulating the convenient drug, Andrews intends to sell it to a totalitarian nation with all its blood-icing possibilities for tyranny over the human race.

Jim warns the natives not to hunt for animals in the area where a fierce killer ape lurks.

"This half-man, half-hairy one has killed before," Jungle Jim tells the Africans. "And now he has the taste for man-blood."

But the tribesmen refuse to listen to his warning. One of the natives enters the off bounds country of the giant ape man, and is casually slaughtered by the lumbering creature.

Because he was in the vicinity of the murder when it
turn to page 54





"Shotgun or no shotgun, buddy I'm just not going to marry your daughter"



"I say, I wonder if my Blue Cross policy covers this sort of thing"



Mother, the new neighbors want to borrow a cup of blood--my blood"



"So you guys have invented a new cure for headaches--all I want is an aspirin tablet"

Dead Time Tales

A Little Added Dialogue Makes Monsters Better Than Ever



"You chase the cat around the house just one more time and I'll disconnect your rheostat for good"



"I'm terribly sorry sir, but our Brida. Suite is occupied."



"Next time we have a plastic surgery operation to perform, keep your eyes on the patient—not on the nurse"



"But mother it's my first High School Prom can't I go out without you just this once?"



"But son even if she did follow you home, I still say you can't keep her"



"So she wasn't no Marilyn Monroe—what do you expect on a blind date?"



"I'm sure your son has a beautiful voice Mr. Novack but I don't fee. I want him in the school's glee club"

FLASH FIGHT



Earth's mightiest warrior blazes an interstellar trail to combat a Warlord intent on conquering the Universe

GORDON'S FOR LIFE

Our world was reeling under the tremendous impact of hurricanes, earthquakes, and skyscraper-high tidal waves caused by mysterious rays from outer space. These cosmic forces were hurled from **Mongo**—an unknown planet whose threatening face was growing even larger in the star-studded sky as it plunged millions of miles across the Solar System.

Suddenly, the first rocketship from Earth came screaming down through the scarlet clouds of Mongo. Inside rode three people—the square-jawed blond pilot **Flash Gordon**, the beautiful **Dale Arden**, and the rocketship's bearded inventor, **Dr. Hans Zarkov**.

This interplanetary trio was Earth's one hope against molten destruction!

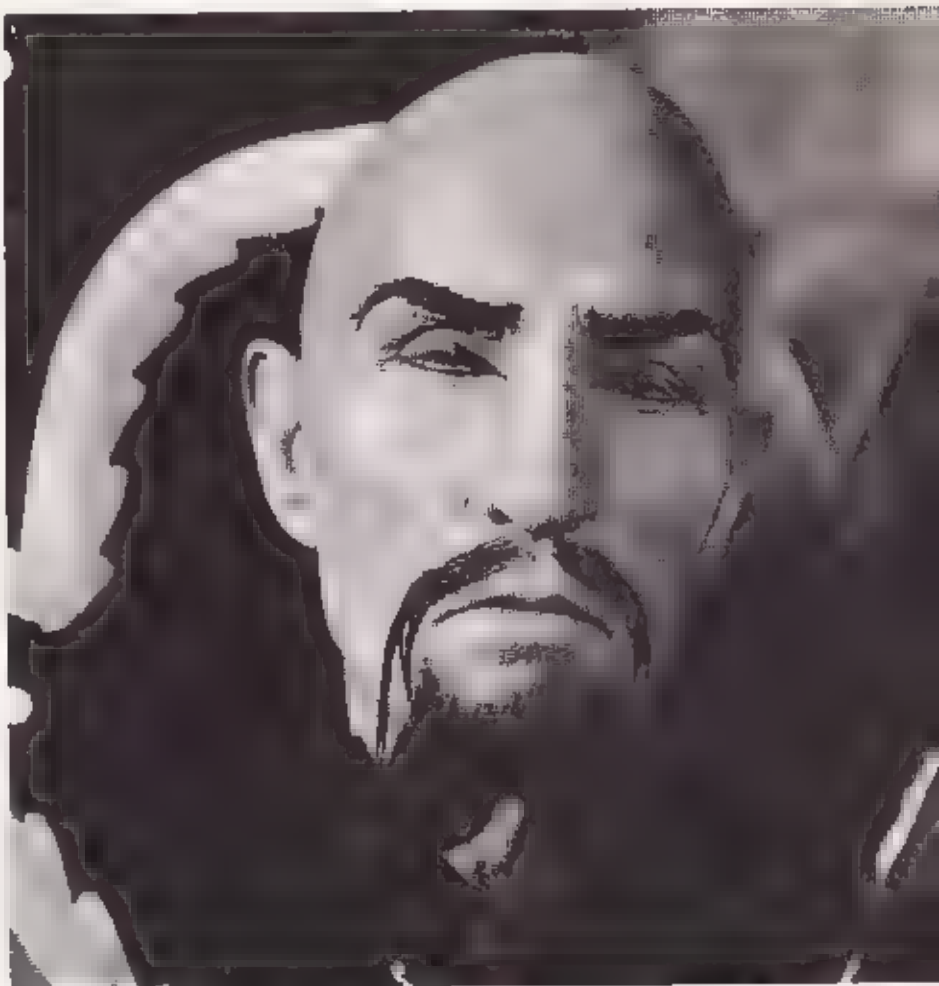
With a flaming crash, the spaceship tore into a jutting mountain peak on alien Mongo. As Flash and his crew crawled from the craft's smoldering wreckage, they found themselves menaced by two flame-spitting **dragons** hungry to eat them alive!

So began Flash Gordon's legendary fight for life.

This is how things were in the first chapter of Universal's celebrated **Flash Gordon**, a 1936 serial. The 13 episodes starred film Tarzan, **Buster Crabbe**, as the dragon fighting Flash Gordon, **Jean Rogers** as Dale, and **Frank Shannon** in the role of Zarkov.

With sword, rocketship, and zap-gun, Flash & Co. battled the forces of destruction the length and width of Mongo. And, near the climax of the final fabulous chapter, the embattled trio successfully managed to rescue our world from universal catastrophe.

Flash's greatest enemy, **Ming the Merciless** (played by **Charles Middleton**), was Emperor of Mongo. The destruction of Earth was his first step in conquering the universe. King Ming, time and again, nearly stamped out Flash's life as Earth's champion struggle the page



The power-mad Warlord of the planet Mongo—Ming the Merciless. (Charles Middleton in Universal's **FLASH GORDON**, 1936)



Buster Crabbe as Flash Gordon brings forceful aid to his fighting friends, **Prince Barin**, **Zarkov**, and **Happy Hapgood**, who are under attack from the **Forest People**. Scene from **FLASH GORDON'S TRIP TO MARS**



Prince Barin (Richard Alexander) and Flash ready themselves for out-of-this-world action.



Danger in outer space challenges Flash and friends in this scene from the Flash Gordon TV series, starring Steve Holland, Irene Champlin and Joe Nash

Flash smashes way through battalions of walking robot bombs to blast Ming

gled to save the Solar System from Ming's fanatical mission.

The second and most popular Flash Gordon serial was **Flash Gordon's Trip to Mars** 1938, another Universal Pictures entry.

Once again Earth was rocked by disastrous forces from outer space: the new project of a vengeful Ming who had transferred his base of operations to Mars. With the help of Queen Azura (Beatrice Roberts), ruler of the Red Planet, Ming was aiming the atomic beam of his mammoth **Nitron Lamp** at Earth. The death-dealing Nitron ray was extracting vital elements from the atmosphere, and creating holocaust on our world.

Flash Dale and Zarkov took up Ming's new challenge and sped across the gulf of space to Mars, where they fought to smash the towering Nitron Lamp and collapse Ming's plans for making himself Dictator of the Universe.

The bitter Ming struck back with a third plot in 1940 when **Flash Gordon Conquers the Universe**, the last of the Universal chapterplays.

The **Purple Death Dust** (which left a vivid mark on the foreheads of its victims) was scattered over our planet by the sly Warlord who was once again enthroned on Mongo. In taking up the Pursuit of Justice this time, Flash and his allies had to smash their way through battalions of walking robot bombs before discovering an antidote which would counteract the effects of the deadly particles.

In the closing moments of the 12 episode cliffhanger, Emperor Ming disappeared in a splitting explosion of his laboratory, and Flash Dale and Zarkov returned victorious to a wildly cheering Earth.

The indestructible Flash Gordon retired after fighting for his life for Universal, but then in 1955 back he came in a European-made TV series starring Steve Holland.

Where he will make his next lightning-like appearance we can't say. But if you get impatient waiting for the blond hero to rocket across your home or theatre screen, you can always find him in **Fantastic Monsters**, captured in action by our Flash cameras. ☛



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Saturday's heroes
focused in
our Hall of Fame

MATINEE IDOL

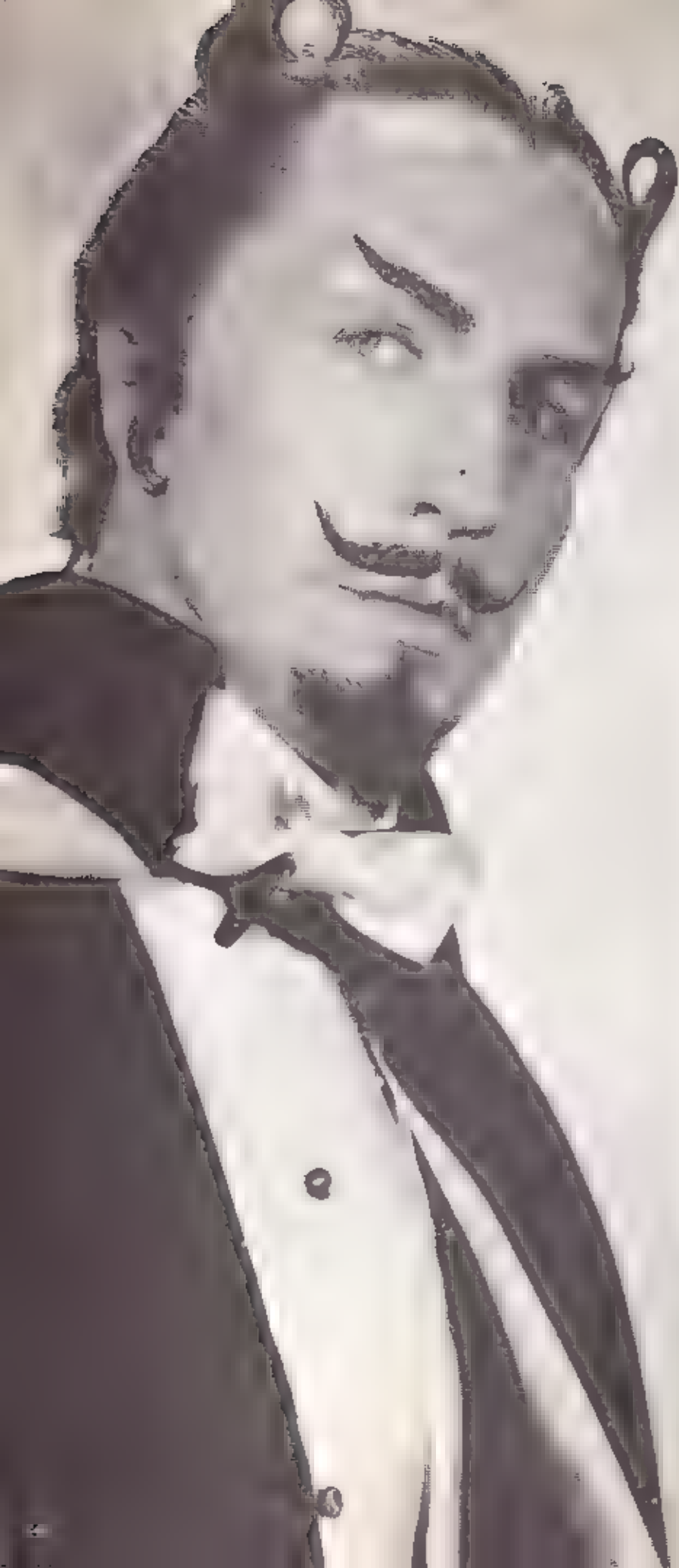
Fighting Rex Barrow, conqueror of space, demon newspaper reporter—he takes on the devil of an opening as a one-man battle against cosmic crime when Flying Saucers decide they want Rex's job—Space Conqueror

Judd Holdren *Captain Viden* in the Hollywood movie serial version of the television epic returned to the serial screen two years later in 1953 to star as Rex Barrow for producer Sam Katzman's *The Lost Planet*, directed for Columbia by Spencer G. Bennet from the George H. Plympton-Arthur Hoerl script.

Rocketing to Ergro, the lost planet, Holdren—Fighting Rex himself—encounters and countermands dazzling menaces and deadly machines wheeling around him, robots of the planet's severely disturbed ruler, Dr. Grood, who chants "Today, the Earth—Tomorrow, the Universe."

In his fight for the stars, Rex Barrow wins his stripes after a Prsymic Catapult through space, into the range of a Cosmic Cannon, to be sent sky high by a Degravitizer, into the whirlpool spin of the Axia Propellor, only to fall back to Ergro for the Thermic Disintegrator, and finally to get thoroughly shook-up by the Sonic Vibrator.

But even these or all of Ergro's sixty dread death devices in the cosmic chapterplay couldn't stop Fighting Rex from proving to Grood that he's the serial screen's battle king. ●



Favorite Fiends of Filmland

That's the terrifying role Vincent Price creates for Columbia Pictures' 1954 3-Dimension entry **The Mad Magician**

As with most of the fright features in which he starred, Price—who has lately become synonymous with the dream-books of Edgar Allan Poe) met with a disastrous finish on screen, but remained unharmed at the box-office.

Three tons worth of balcony crashed him in **House of Wax**, a headhunter's poison arrowed him in **Green Hell**, he crumbled to dust in a falling house (Lsber, that is), and returned to the **Tower of London** to get drowned in a vat of wine.

But as **The Mad Magician**, Price went out in a blaze of glory—he fell victim to one of his own deadly illusions, a flaming crematorium with a temperature of 3500° fahrenheit.

And there are new deaths in store for Price.

With him, it's a way of life. ■

The Great Gallico: world's foremost master of illusion and disguise who, when he goes corpse-crazy, uses more knowledge of mortality than any other mortal.



the day the earth stood still

The classic science fiction story of a Super-Being who came from another galaxy to threaten our world with nuclear destruction

Radar screens lighted with the strange blip, and newscasters flashed the word around the world. People everywhere began searching the skies.

And then it came.

An unearthly humming roared into a doom-like thunder as a great spaceship touched down near the Washington Monument. It was a saucer of burnished silver that caught the fire of the dipping sun.

Troops from nearby Fort Meyer were immediately rushed to the scene. They cordoned off the alien craft, taking familiar military precautions against a completely new situation.

The District of Columbia police arrived to hold back the crowds of curious people. Tanks, machine guns, and other defensive weapons were focused on the saucer. Radio and television reporters were portably installed to inform the waiting world.

The Earth waited impatiently, tensed, not knowing what to expect from this first non-human visitor. For two hours all was silent in the area of the spaceship.

And then a narrow silver ramp slid from the ship.

Soldiers gripped their guns, and the police thoughtfully drew their revolvers. A hush was on the crowd.

Now, down the protruding ramp walked the first man from a world other than ours.

He wore a shimmering one-piece spacesuit. Atop his head was a transparent helmet, and in his hand he held an odd instrument.

The spaceman studied the throngs around him, and found all eyes on him.

He raised his arm in salute, and said, "I am Klaatu. I come in peace."

turn the page







As he spoke, he lifted the strange object in his hand. Before he could say anything further, a well-trained soldier fired his rifle at the foreigner.

The man from the saucer pitched to the ground.

As the army and police approached the body, there came new movement inside the unatched air lock.

An 8-foot robot plodded mechanically down the ramp, to the blood-stained grass.

Gort!

With a sweep of his fiery eye, the monster machine disintegrated all of the guns and rifles in sight. Deeply disturbed, the soldiers, police and crowds ran.

With a weak gesture, Klaatu halted the robot in his trail of destruction, dead in his tracks. Fears subsiding, medical officers crept out and hurried Klaatu into an ambulance and spirited

him to the Walter Reed Hospital.

Sometime after in the hospital, Klaatu conversationally informed a Presidential Secretary that he must speak to all of the world's leaders to warn them of the dreadful consequences Earth would face if she did not turn to the ways of peace. Impossible nonsense, he is quietly assured.

Late that night, using a coded means, the Man from the Stars left the hospital unnoticed. But not for long.

His sudden disappearance sent the city into a rage of fears and suspicion.

Klaatu sought out the one man whom he thought could help him: Professor Jacob Barnhardt, an Einstein among scientists. On hearing Klaatu's story, the professor agreed a meeting of the world's foremost scientists should be held in Washington. To impress the importance of this meeting, Barnhardt suggested Klaatu

give a world-wide demonstration of his unique powers. The visitor agreed with a slow nod.

At noon the following day, Earth was in a state of confusion and shock. Electricity ceased to function.

Cars would not operate.

Phones would not work.

Clocks ticked to a standstill at 12 noon.

For 30 minutes the Earth stood still.

A national emergency was declared. Orders were given to capture Klaatu—dead or alive!

The spaceman's good intentions were doubted by all sane men.

Under an assumed name and wearing everyday street clothes, Klaatu moved into a boarding house. He met Helen Benson, her young son Bobby and a suspicious Tom Stevens. Stay tuned to the page.



DAY, from page 45

vens spied out Klastu's true identity and spilled the information to the authorities.

Emergency units closed in for the kill

A frantic chase through the city, a telling shot, and the Messenger from the Stars lay mortally wounded. Before he died, he gave a weeping, ashamed Helen Benson three words to speak to the giant robot. Gert

The fate of the world was to rest on those three words.

Helen ran to the spaceship, as Gort was preparing to destroy the city. The mammoth being menacingly approached her. At last, she found courage enough to speak the three words.

"Klastu barada nikto!"

The robot stopped

From his 8-foot height, there came a giant of metallic understanding.

Helen silently moved out of the robot's way seeing it rumble into the city. Minutes slid by before Gort returned. Klautus' dead body lying across his arms. The girl followed them into the flashing interior of the spaceship.

Gort fed Klaatu to the coils of a weird machine, and Helen watched with numb amazement as Klaatu slowly regained his spoiled life.

Heleen looked around her. The room glowed with masked lights, unreadable dials, and shimmering control switches. And then—before her stood Klaatu!

The meeting between the scientists and Klaatu was held at the saucer. Warning them that our planet should not dare threaten the patterned peace of the universe by atomic war. The moment Earth endangered the peace, other planets would know. Earth could not be trusted when she would reach the stars. Our planet would be destroyed by a race of beings such as Gort.

His grim mission completed Klastu made his goodbyes to Helen and the scientists and slowly re-entered the spaceship.

As the vortexing silver disk rose into the night, the minds of men everywhere turned over the warning. Business would be resumed as usual, but for this moment they thought of *The Day The Earth Stood Still*.

This "A" treatment of a science fiction theme from 20th Century Fox in 1951 was based on the story *Farewell to the Master* by Harry Bates. The cast featured Michael Rennie as Kilaau, and Patricia Neal as Helen Benson. In addition to the amazing atomic man, *Gort*.

The thriller's production problems were Earth-stopping themselves.

A full-scale spaceship isn't the easiest thing to construct. Ask John Glenn. 20th's final result proved to be a flying disk spanning 350-feet budgeted at \$100,000. The ship stood 25-feet high. Since the script called for no visible opening of any kind in its

contour set designers incorporated an invisible split in its side which was sealed with soft plastic and coated with a silver paint. Every time the disk was opened and closed workmen had to reseal the split. Through this invisible seam, an intricate gangplank was made to protrude.

And leave it to Hollywood to build
a flying saucer that flies

The 350-foot interplanetary space ship threatened to take off from its moorings during production when high winds invaded the studio's back lots.

Actress Patricia Neal had a grudge against Gort, the 8-foot robot even more than the disc that saucerized

Most of her grief occurred during the night scenes when the scenario called for her to approach the spaceship and Gort. Robert Wise, the director, instructed her she was to look at the mecho-man, then start running.

The light that was Gort's head, eye unfortunately blinded her and when she spun around to run, she couldn't see where she was going. Rather than spoil the take, Miss Neal ran anyhow, stumbling over an unseen guide wire and banging up her knees. By this time, she realized that her misfortune would add to the scene's realism, so she lurched up and started to limp away.

This time she trapped on a light cable.

Taking a strategic rest on her face Miss Neal looked up to see Gori bending down. He picked her up in just the way an 8-foot iron man would do it.

Patricia later stated that she didn't know how she would reap revenge on the robot but she just might throw a wrench into his transmission next time, instead of a wrench in his path.

The construction of Gort gave the head prop man some troubles too. He was tossed a sheaf of blueprints from the art department and was told to deliver within one week the following "One 8-foot, 8-inch mobile man-like robot. Should look like *flam metal*", whatever that is and have a snore, electric dash-blue tufts and

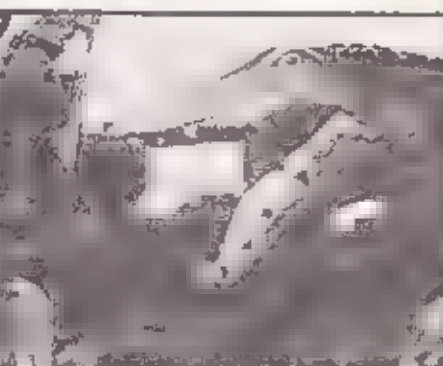
The robot proved to be the prop man's toughest nut to crack. But, being back to work, he achieved the appearance of fluid metal, by sewing spun-glass cloth onto an 8-foot, 8-inch mold of a human figure, and spraying it with solidifying lacquer. After it hardened he cut this armor from the dummy in sections — arms, legs, breastplates and backplates. Over this he poured sponge rubber and painted the sections a bright silver color. The assembled robot had hinged joints, permitting movement, and a suggestion of softness or skin over his hard lacquered skeleton.

Gort was given an all-seeing eye made from a finely ground 8-inch crystal of lucite. Lighted by blue bulbs in its head, the glow increased as his ire was at at Earth's tragic race towards destruction. ●

SHOCK SHOP

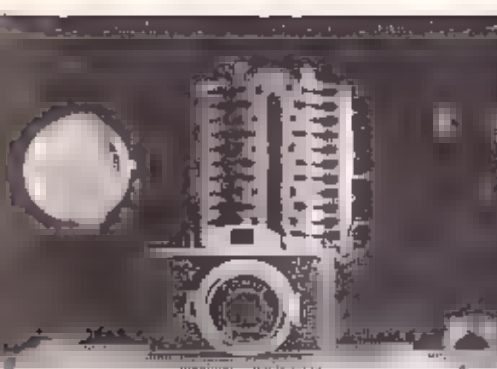
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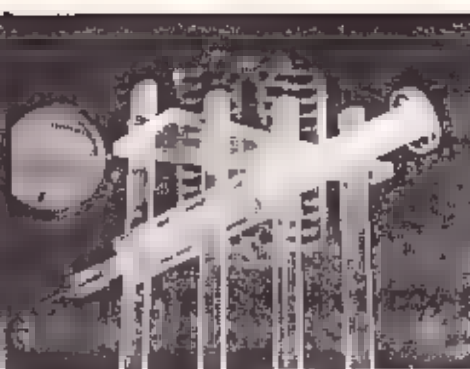
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for your own home movie productions Get fun
for kids too. Flex die and articula e' Who's puppet
show in time? Only \$1.00 to hold



MAD LAB CAMERA

Looks like expensive sub-miniature camera, but wait until you press the secret button. Lens swings open and with a terrific squeal a "Killer Shrew" pops out! Camera has viewfinder, dummy winding knob, carrying case, realistic lens mount. Aushen-black chrome finish with silver-gray trim. "Killer Shrew" and "squealer" produced in a lens looks in place until you push the button. See it! You'll have your friends jumping for joy coming with the MAD LAB CAMERA. Only \$1.00 postpaid.



MAD LAB HYPO

4 1/2 x 3/8 inches fully extended! Needle appears to pierce victim's skin. Concealed button gives action of Hypo firing up with victim's blood. Can also be used in reverse to inject blood when show Hypo apparently empty. The illusion is absolutely perfect even close up. This glistening, wicked looking instrument is quality made of crystal clear styrene plastic with metal head and needle. Scientific calibrations marked along body. Don't use around friends with weak stomachs. Only \$1.50, postpaid.



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DEVIL SPIDER

Ugh! What a little horror this guy is. Made of vinyl rubber for his "creepy" feel! 2 inches in diameter, he really gets the "creeps" when you lower him on a thread or send him skittering across the floor. We detailed in black with rough texture. 8 wriggling legs start vibrating at the slightest touch! Slip him in your pocket, hang him from a car mirror, dangle him in a doorway! If you have any friends left afterwards, they'll never forget the time they combed the DEVIL SPIDER out of their hair. Only 50c, postpaid.

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Here's the opportunity
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Be a Vampire Victim—
right in your own home!

It's as easy as pulling
wings off a bat!

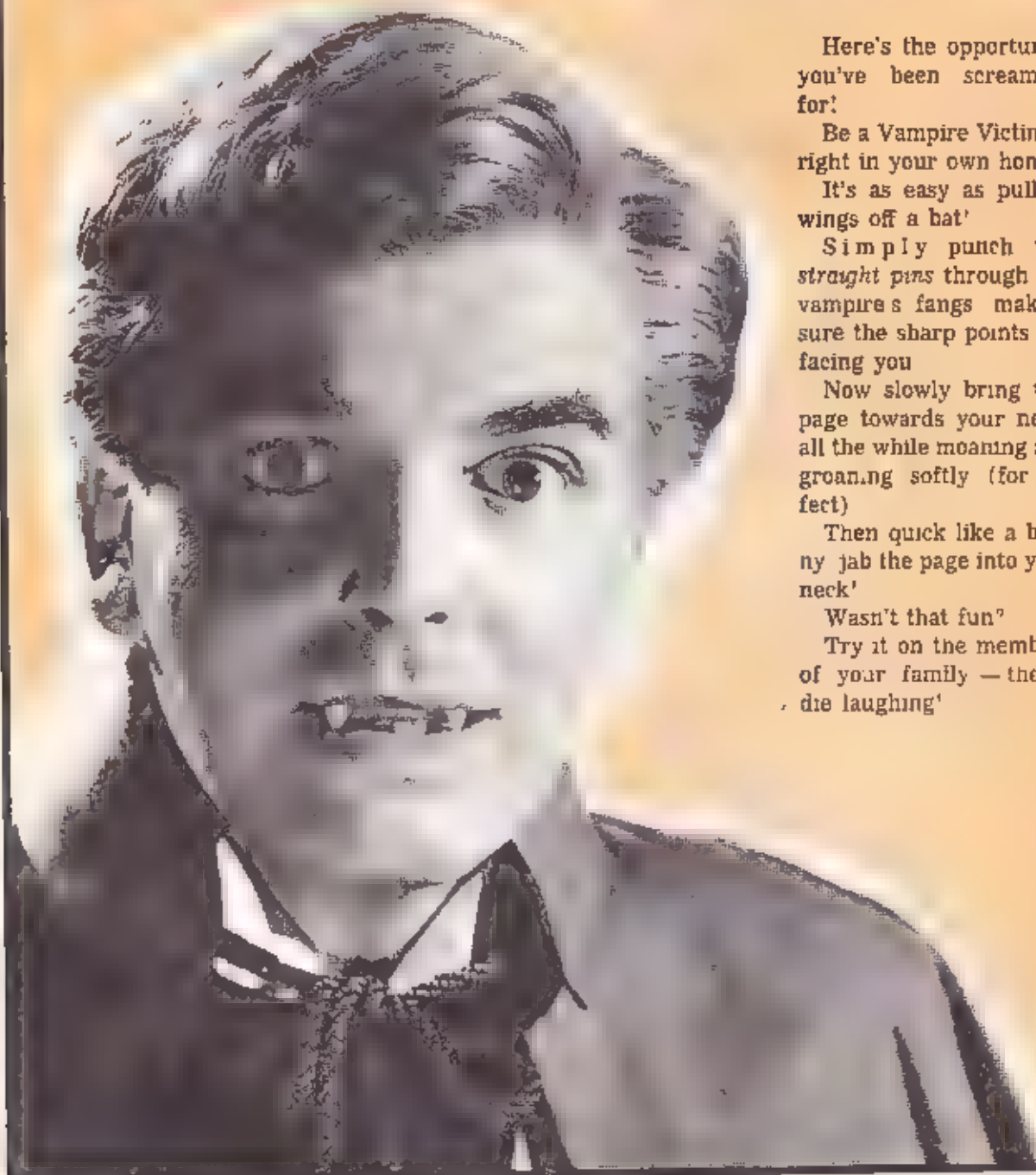
Simply punch two
straight pins through the
vampire's fangs making
sure the sharp points are
facing you

Now slowly bring this
page towards your neck.
all the while moaning and
groaning softly (for ef-
fect)


Then quick like a bun-
ny jab the page into your
neck!

Wasn't that fun?

Try it on the members
of your family — they'll
die laughing!







THE TWO TALE HEART

The Unwritten Tales of Edgar Allan Poe, Transcribed by Jim Harmon the story's end may have been final as death, yet there came something after

I CASK AWAY

I had completed the eighth, the ninth, and the tenth tier there remained but a single stone to be lifted and plastered in. But now there came from out the niche a low laugh that erected the hairs upon my head.

There came forth in return only a jingling of bells. I forced the last stone into its position. I plastered it up. Against the new masonry I re-erected the old rampart of bones. For half of a century no mortal has disturbed them. In pace requiescat!

EDGAR ALLAN POE
The Cask of Amontillado

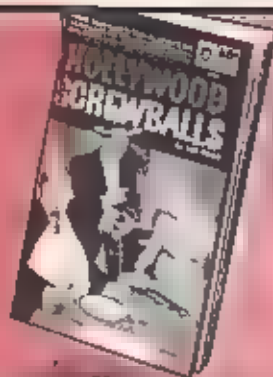
For the worst part of half a century I have not been able to rest in peace.

The jingling of the jester's bells are always here with me in my tiny apartment the taste of the Amontillado wine turned vinegar on my withered tongue. I am trapped as no man has been trapped, suffering suffocation that no mortal has ever before known, and always the laugh and the bells ringing in my ears, becoming one, a whisper of a knell, a jest of doom, and nowhere to escape in this the confines of my world.

I rot alone, not the Fortunato fortunate in his cozy tomb, but I, the mason who sealed my gullible comrade behind a wall of his folly. I, Montresor who has lived on to strong respected old age, with yet many years to enjoy my wealth of fortune and friends. If it were not for the bells!

turn the page

by Jim Harmon



Hollywood Screwballs

by Leo Guild

WARNING: anyone looking for sanity will not find it here. It's the zaniest whoopee, widest book ever written about Hollywood. Leo Guild tells all in a laugh riot of screwball fireworks—names, places, events. Candy Barr, Bing Crosby, Marlene Dietrich, Anita Ekberg, Errol Flynn, Zsa Zsa Gabor, Jesse Kovacs, Levant Monroe, etc., etc. the list is almost endless.

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HEART, from page 51

The cask of Amontillado emptied with the years, celebrating births, mourning deaths, and as the level of the wine fell so grew my aversion to the bells. Aversion, I say, but yet it was not so negative a thing, as a positive one. It became my mission to destroy bells. A bribe to the town crier earned me this, and I contributed food and drink to the strengthening of his voice. I tilted heavily to the church to slow and rest their bells, but at last I was called upon to leave the city.

In my country house I removed all clocks except the honest face of the sun dial. My servants were fettered by a pitch-pipe like the sailors of foregone seas. So strong became my mania against the bells, that when a stupid child was in my garden ringing a music box out of tune with a latch key, I was seized with a fit that left my left arm and the limb on that side of mine, immovable.

Many of the leading physicians of the country attended me and most assured me that my trouble was chiefly a melancholy nature and that I should find gaiety and sport. Not a few, however, assured me that my singular, and unexplainable, hatred of bells was so great that if I were exposed to their ringing again it might mean a fatality. In this I concurred more heartily than in the opinions of fools who said I should seek their ways.

Yet I had paid for this advice, and I would lose more (indeed I realized, perhaps all) if I did not heed it.

My invitations to my many friends were sent out, and all were invited to my country house for food, wine and dancing. Many were the lovely ladies of the countryside, even from the distant city that knew my house. A fine orchestra was assembled, all string and wind instruments, none of the tinkling monstrosities of the Swiss, I ascertained.

And as the gay ball began beyond the walls of my private chambers, I sat alone, bitterly nursing the final drags of a wine far inferior to the Amontillado that was gone with my youth, and my dancing legs.

There came to pass a chance happening. As I fingered the glass the ball of my thumb rubbed the rim and brought forth a ring, such as happens to all people one time or another. In horror but fascination I repeated the experiment, running a fingertip around the fine crystal glass and producing the vibrations of a second definite ringing. It was not the ringing of a bell, but the ringing of a wine.

With a cry I fell to the floor and I lay there still, knowing that the physicians and my own fears were correct in the thing that could cause my death.

If the wine's knell was not enough, the ladies of the ball have circled in sweet solicitation, and doubly for a moment more. I am surrounded by

the ringing of the bells.

II

MASTER KEY

It is with heavy heart that I take pen in hand to write the last words I shall ever be able to record about my friend M. Dupin, the greatest detective in France during the 1800's. My American compatriot, the esteemed Edgar Allan Poe, has previously shaped my poor words into better form, telling you how Dupin exposed the horrid monster ape responsible for the Murders in the Rue Morgue, how the great detective solved the Mystery of Marie Roget, and how he finally uncovered the Purloined Letter. Now I alone remain to recount these final sad moments.

"My friend," Dupin said, breezing into my quarters, "I must quit the country of France at once and for ever."

"What?" I cried. "This is impossible. You cannot simply disappear."

"I have before, and I may again," Dupin confided.

"But why?"

Politics, the detective shrugged in his nervous abrupt manner. "The distinguished D— is once again in power and he remembers me unkindly for finding his cleverly concealed correspondence. If I do not flee I will pay with my freedom, perhaps my life."

"I will do anything to help that I can," I assured Dupin. "But where will you go?"

"There is only one place. 'Cross the channel, to England I will set up a new life for myself there."

"What do you know of that fog-bound land?"

"More than you know about me, old fellow. I have my small secrets. Yes, England has been another home for me. I have two home-lands and thanks to that criminal Napoleon D— each will be locked to me, one fastening me in, the other without. But enough. I must be off by midnight."

"Well, take my carriage to the boat," I said readily. "But you are the greatest detective in France in literature in the world. Dupin, things can not be as bad as you make them out."

The detective pointed an angular finger at me. "Two, I tell you, sure-locked homes."

Then he laughed and smiled cryptically. ●

WORKSHOP, from page 8

one who tells you he has a "super-secret special latex" is trying to make a sap out of you!

Incidentally that odor which curdles your nose when you open the bottle is ammonia. This keeps your latex from coagulating into solid rubber golf balls.

After creating your own monster you will want to give it a home to haunt.

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From your local hardware store, you can obtain "chicken wire" mesh, or hardware cloth. Shape the metal hardware cloth into mountains and caves. Cover with wet plaster. The plaster should also be available at the hardware store. It comes as a dry powder. Next, add water to the powder following the instructions on the container.

Made, railroad landscaping gives you trees and bushes to add to the atmosphere of your weird world.

Or, you might get some twigs and plant them in the plaster while it is still wet.

One thing to keep in mind is that creating "monsters" and "monster words" is a challenge to your imagination and creativity. It all takes time and patience—ingredients which only you can contribute.

In future issues we'll be conducting a *Monster Clinic* for those of you who are having problems creating your creatures and special effects.

Address all cards and letters to *Demon's Workshop* in care of this magazine.



have a hunch we're on the trail of something big!

DATS, from page 6

John Carradine, distinguished Shakespearean actor followed the immortal Lugos, when he played Dracula on a country weekend visit to the *House of Frankenstein* (1945), and repaid by hosting *House of Dracula* (1946) both for Universal. In this second homecoming, Carradine tried to rid himself of the vampire curse but he retained the bat blood.

When it came time for the *Return of Dracula* in 1958 Francis Lederer was paged to portray the grim grandson.

Christopher Lee, fresh from the king-size grave in *Curse of Frankenstein*, terrorized in technicolor as Dracula #4. This was Hammer Films' excellent remake of the original Bram Stoker tale, forged under the banner, *Horror of Dracula*. Count Dracula swooped to world wide fame with his modernized menace.

If you're looking forward to *Things to Come*, keep your eyes up (for forms flying the face of the full moon), and your collar anchored down! ●

VooDoo DOLL!

Scowling Sam, the Voodoo Doll. Looks like he's ready to work a hex on somebody, right now! Can be fitted to picture frames, mirrors, or anywhere you like. Whatever he ends up on becomes his body. 'Ungawa' Give him a pencil "spear" to hold.

He'll adapt to most anything and he's soft pliable tan plastic, with bright red mouth and white pointed "teeth." Give him a home and "hex" your friends.

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CASTLE DRACULA
Topanga, California





Secret Skull Ring!

Mystic skull symbol of the ancient Aztecs, later copied by the fierce pirates who sailed the seven seas. The romance and adventure is all embodied into the unique and latest style of this massive, quality ring.

Sculptured cheek bones, teeth, and sparkling simulated ruby eyes are blended into a finger encircling curve on this exciting new ring. Gleaming silvery finish, too.

Please state ring size, when ordering.

\$1

Only **1** postpaid.

Castle Dracula
Topanga, California

KILLER, from page 32

happened, Jim falls under suspicion, his reason for wanting the territory to remain unexplored is questioned.

Journeying to the camp of the white hunters, Jungle Jim learns some of their plans. Andrews quickly decides Big Jim knows too much to stay alive.

Jungle Jim soon finds he is facing death wherever he turns—the natives are out to sacrifice him, believing he has murdered one of them. Andrews and his henchmen are after him because he knows of their cold blooded plans, and the hulking ape man is now hunting in the area where Jim is trapped.

While searching for Jim the hunters stumble on the killer ape and manage to cage him after a violent struggle. They deliver him to Andrews, who is busy at the thought of using the beast man in his experiments.

Jim the Jungle King earns of the ape man's capture and beats the trail for Andrews' camp, where he meets up with the giant man ape in a cave filled with explosives.

Suddenly the horror bursts his bonds and jumps Jim. The sparks



from a torch which Jim is using to ward off the blows of the killer ape catch on the dynamite cases and set them blazing!

Barely does Jungle Jim dash out of the cave before the entire area goes up in a crisping explosion—burying the mindless beast in a prefab tomb.

The natives attack Andrews' outpost after Jim convinces them it was actually the killer ape who had so viciously murdered one of them.

The warriors, led by Jungle Jim, pounce on the insane scientist and his cutthroats, and once again there is a war in the danger-packed jungles of Africa.

Filing away the Killer Ape in his collection of menaces, Johnny Welshmuller now awaits his next test of jungle manhood.

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Topanga, California



Confessions of a Mad Mummy

Out of the best-forgotten tombs comes the Pharaoh's landlord, an embalmed Egyptian enigma who threatens a bandage rebellion

I am a mummy

Most people don't appreciate all that goes into being a mummy. It isn't exactly a snap getting to be 5000 years old. That's a lifetime job.

As I ensconce these hieroglyphics and smoke (do you smell rags burning? I'm haunted by the monstrosities that try to pass themselves off as fully wrapped mummies today. When I was a mummy's boy, King Tut would never have allowed any of those poor preserves to be caught dead in his

turn to page 63

Things to come

Crystal Balling
the coming Year of Fear,
as forecast by Hollywood's
Mediums of the Macabre

"More grim in '62," affirms James H. Nicholson, American-International Pictures president, commenting on his forthcoming fantasy film schedule.

Among the titles already registered by AIP are the Alexander Dumas classic *Iron Mask*, "X," the brand of eyes of a far-seeing head, something brave, listed as sci-fi humor, *The Maid and the Martian*, *The Haunted Village* (Mayor Vincent Price, of course), *Survival after the Big War*—a fantasy—and H. G. Wells' *When the Sleeper Wakes*.

Conjure Wife, a novel by Fritz Leiber, will be released by AIP under the title *Witch Witch Burn* (A novel by A. Merritt made famous years ago). *Witch* scripters, Charles Beaumont and Richard Matheson, both have choice acting roles in producer Roger Corman's latest *The Intruder*, based on Beaumont's own fine novel (Dell, 50c).

While Robert Rocketship "X M" Lippert is busy opening *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*, Robert Bloch is inside going *Psycho* all over again. Alex "Underwater City" Gordon is planning to pop out from behind Poe's *Masque of the Red Death*. Gordon also intends to blanket the world with his *Killer Smog*.

Currently before the British cameras, Ian Fleming's best-seller of Secret Agent James Bond against the oriental super-criminal *Dr. No* (Signet, 50c). And at the neighboring studios of Hammer Films, Herbert Lom (Captain Nemo in *Mysterious Island*) portrays the third *Phantom of the Opera*.

Tarzan Goes to India with stuntman Jock Mahoney as the new ape man. On the trail of Tarzan, ex-tree swinger Johnny Weissmuller is negotiating with Desilu Studios for an around-the-world adventure teleseries.

CBS Radio on Sundays serves stories in the dark on *Suspense* (authors like Robert "Mysterious Traveller" Arthur stars like Jim Bowles, once in the middle of Jack, Doc & Reggie while television will be hoping you understand *Tales of the Unexplained* and *Famous Ghost Stories*, the last one hosted by Vincent Price).

SF writer Ray Bradbury journeys to *The Twilight Zone* with his "I Sing the Body Electric."

Having escaped from Caligari's Cabinet, Robert Psycho Bloch, onetime collaborator with Poe even when he was several years Edgar's junior, has had so much favorable response from his western *Thru* that he has been asked to do the weekly 90-minute *Virginians* next year. **FANTASTIC MONSTERS** understands Bloch will do one about a marshal, who wears a ruffled shirt and keeps his mother in the fruit cellar. ●



Vincent Price, *Iron Mask*, *Conjure Wife*, *Survival after the Big War*, *When the Sleeper Wakes*, *The Haunted Village*, *The Maid and the Martian*, *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*, *Psycho*, *Underwater City*, *Killer Smog*, *Tales of the Unexplained*, *Famous Ghost Stories*

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THE MAGIC SWORD

Producer Bert I. Gordon unsheathes an enchanted blade which hacks a trail through the terrors of darkness

Amazing Colossal Man, Beginning of the End, Attack of the Puppet People, and the exquisitely *Tormented*; these films were spawned in the rapid imagination of Bert I. Gordon, young Hollywood motion picture producer-director often cited as the High Priest of Cinematic Wizardry.

His latest big screener, *The Magic Sword*, is no exception to the Gordon Rule of always leave 'em living—sometimes.

It is his most ambitious project to date, Gordon put all of his power into the creation of this realistic movie magic.

Over 18 months of exhaustive planning went into the filming of the Eastman Color extravaganza.

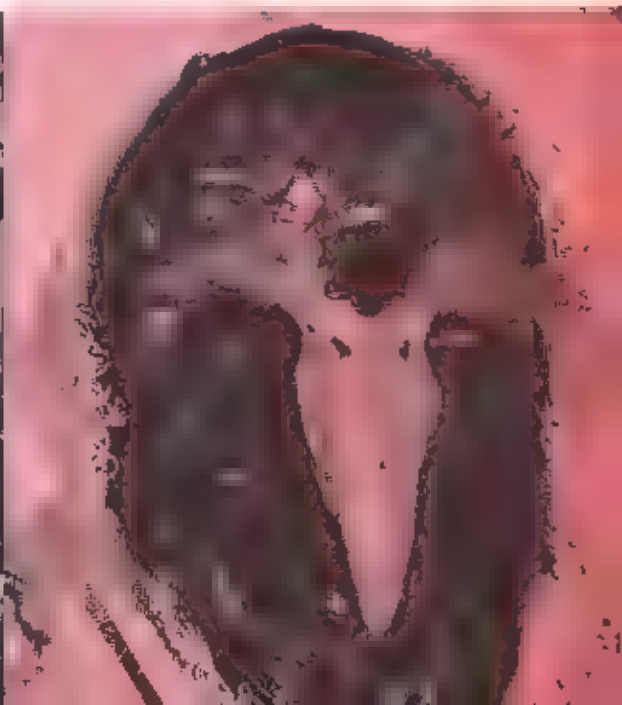
A master of special effects himself, Gordon has combined all of the known techniques: illusions (animation, split screen, traveling mattes, super-imposition), with his own special techniques, to line up the weirdest menagerie of creatures you ever nightmares of.

turn the page





The brave knight St. George boldly faces the wrath of the double-dreaded, double-headed dragon



He left no cinema stone unturned in bringing to life a film unlike any thing that has ever been audenced by a stunned public

Starring in the United Artists release are Basil Rathbone as the sly sorcerer, **Lodac**; Estelle Winwood as **Sybil**, the hanging witch; Anne Helm as the beautiful **Princess Helene**; and Gary Lockwood in the role of **St. George** of dragon fame

George's magic stallion is renowned in its own right **Bayard** is a subtle characterization by **Silver**, on an acting vacation from *The Lone Ranger*

The action-laden fantasy gets off to a skin-tingling start when George learns that Lodac the Loathsome has kidnapped Princess Helene To counteract the seven deadly curses which the mad sorcerer Lodac has set upon anyone who attempts to rescue the fair princess, George's foster mother the whacky witch Sybil presents the knight with invincible armor Bayard (the fastest horse in the world) and a magic sword called **Astorian**

Utilizing the sword's convenient powers George brings to life the seven bravest knights in history and they all take to the high roads of medieval England to save Helene from being fed to Lodac's two-headed fire-breathing dragon

On the road to the sorcerer's castle George and his men encounter four of Lodac's curses

A **25 foot Ogre** attacks them, and kills two of the knights

The life of a third knight is claimed when he pitches forward into the **Boiling Croter of Death**

A vicious **vampire woman** destroys another of the warriors

And the fourth curse is a **scorching fireball** which sears two more knights to death

Meanwhile Sybil is brewing new magic for George to use in his battle against Lodac's curses. But her bubbling brew instead deprives the legendary hero of all the magic he already has

George and St. Patrick, the remaining knight, become trapped in the Cave of the Fifth Curse inhabited by hideous **Green Fire Demons** who consume Patrick George, however, breaks to safety and goes at a loner to Lodac's gloomy treacherous castle

Once there, he is snared by the sorcerer's menagerie of evil blood-curdling creatures—**horrifying hags, beastial bird-men, wicked warlocks, and perilous pin-headed people!**

Other prisoners in the medieval suburb, whom Lodac's black magic has made only inches tall, break out of their cage and saw George's bonds with his magicless sword The knight's wits are keen even if **Astorian** has lost its magic edge, and trusting them he mounts Bayard and attacks the twin

headed dragon who is having Princess Helene for dinner

While the valiant George engages in a mis-matched battle with the menacing monster, Sybil finally stumbles upon the correct magic formula, and George's sword regains all of its vacationing powers With it, the knight slays the flame-belching dragon and swoops up Princess Helene

Sybil, changing herself into the blackest of panthers, goes after the fleeing Lodac and fangs him breaking his evil spells and freeing all who are under them

George uses the not inconsiderable powers of the Magic Sword to restore the seven famous knights of history to life again then he and the beautiful Helene are married

And everyone lives happily ever after as you may have already guessed

In order to create an appropriate mood throughout the filming of **The Magic Sword**, producer-director Bert I. Gordon purposefully began filming his spectacle on the 13th day of the month

He even held a party on the set when the 13th day of production happened to fall on a Friday

"Nothing superstitious about me," Gordon grinned, knuckle-ticking a piece of wood

It was fortunate he knocked on wood though

In his quest to rescue Princess Helene from the scaly dragon St. George, in the story, faced many tense near-death moments But Gordon and his crew of technicians were not without their own moments of anxiety

When no one could locate a tame black panther to use in the picture, Sir Tom, a 150 pound mountain lion, was paged for the role. He was treated to an ebony spray then put through his paces by his trainer

One of Sir Tom's chores was to jump from a castle wall to the floor below but producer Gordon discovered that the lion would have to be **set free** to accomplish this feat No ropes or chains could be placed around the half-wild animal's neck as they would have showed up in the film

Realizing this, Gordon instructed everyone but a skeleton crew to leave the sound stage where this scene was being shot The cameras began to grind away, and Sir Tom made a perfect leap from the mock castle wall

Then everyone's hearts started leaping to their mouths as Sir Tom made a tour of the sound stage moving in and out of feet of Gordon and his nervous crew who had to remain standing absolutely still until the trainer could leash the lion

Commenting on the number of scenes in which Sir Tom had to be

Turn the page



MARTY the Martian



Looks like he came straight from Mars! Tell your friends you found him in that "flying saucer" that landed in your back yard. He looks kind of confused among all the Earth people. Put him in your favorite spot, in bedroom, den or club house. Whatever you fasten him to becomes his "body".

Fully adjustable, of flesh colored plastic. Big red mouth, and red 'goggle eyes'. Your own personal "Man From Mars".

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Topanga, California

SWORD, from page 61

set loose on the set Gordon biting his lip said, "Too many!"

The fire-breathing dragon which St. George slays in *The Magic Sword* is actually only 20 feet in length although in the film it looks a menacing 150 feet. The monster which took four tedious months to construct is operated manually by six men on the inside. Gordon could direct the roaring fire from either of the dragon's two fire-proof heads because gas jets had been installed behind each scaly face.

As he was directing the twin-headed creature during the filming of an important scene he called out "Fire head #1," and suddenly everything went wrong.

Instead of hellowing forth a searing breath the dragon inhaled and got a case of heartburn.

The men operating the monster ducked serious injury and the monster was checked out A-OK.

Having roared its last for *The Magic Sword*, the dragon has now been lovingly boxed away, as movie maker Gordon plans to make future use of his hot new creation.

The Magic Sword being Bert I. Gordon's biggest and costliest fantasy flicker to date, the amiable producer-director was asked how he intends to encore.

"Do you know," he mused, "I've been wondering about that myself."

There's one thing—no matter what type of tingling t. t. of terror Bert I. Gordon produces in the future he will have to top his own dazzling screen illusions sliced up by *The Magic Sword*!

LOTUS, from page 21

scarlet petals, actors from which arose the suffocating scene of black lutes. Then with a single inarticulate cry of horror and despair he crumpled and toppled from the balcony to spatter himself in red madness upon the earth below.

At this instant he awoke and his teeth shook inside his mouth as he gagged and choked in terrific realization. He felt old and decrepit and the tide of life ebbed in his veins. He would have fainted were it not for the revivifying fumes of the nargiller that still smoldered beside him. Then, to himself he swore a mighty oath to abandon the ways of the dreamer forever and rose to his feet and took unto himself the book and turned the pages to the passage of warning wherein he read this rune.

The second dream shall show what might have been.

Then there descended upon him a resignation and a black despair. A of his life unrolled before him once again and he knew himself for what he was—a deluded fool. And he knew also that if he did not go back to his dragged slumber there would come to

pass the horror of his second dream as if foretold. So, wearily and with queer wonder in his heart he clasped the book to his bosom and betook himself once again to his couch in the moonlight. And his pale fingers lifted the bookah to his ashen lips once again and he once more knew the bliss of Nirvana. He was under the compulsion of a sorcerous thrall.

Oh night black lotus flower that groweth beneath the River Nile! Oh prisoned perfumer of all darknesses weaving and weaving in the spells of midnight. Oh cryptic magic that worketh only evil!

Genghis the Dreamer slept. But there was brooding ecstasy and mystic wonder in his dreams, and he knew the beauty he lies in twilight grooves on the dark side of the moon, and his brow was fanned and his sinners lured by the pale wind that is the little gods who dance in paradise. And he stood alone in a sea of endless infinity before a monstrous flower that beckoned great hypnotic petals before his dream-dozed eyes and whispered unto him a command. In his vision he glanced down to where a dagger hung by his side in his jeweled stomacher of sultanship.

And there came to him a sudden gleam of understanding. This before him was the Black Lotus symbol of the evil he waits for men to sleep. It was casting a spell upon him that would urge him to death. He knew now the way of a monument for the past and the release of his enchantment—he must strike.

But even as he moved the great flower shod out one velvet petal steeped in the glowing scene that was a wind from the gate of heaven. And the black petal crowned itself about his neck like a loathsome and beautiful serpent and with its succub-like embrace sought to drown his senses in a sea of scented bliss.

But Genghis would not be frustrated. The a tremor of delight left him cold but his numbing brain commanded him. He raised the silver dagger from his side and with a single blow slashed off the twining collar from his neck.

Then Genghis saw the flowers and the petals vanish and he was left alone in a universe of mocking laughter—a dim world that rocked with cowering mirth of idiotic gods. For an instant he awoke to see a ruby necklace encircling his bare throat to realize monstrously that in his dream he had cut his own throat. Then on the bed of moonlight he died and there was silence in the deserted room, while from the dead throat of Genghis the Dreamer little drops of blood fell upon an open page of a curious book upon a curious sentence in nearly underlined letters.

The third dream brings reality.

Nothing more remained save the a pervading scent of lotus-flowers that filled the nighted room.

CONFESSIONS, from page 55

tomb more than once

This proves into what a state of decay the mummy profession has withered

I believe that we dead people have a right to some respect. Dying isn't the easiest way to make a living. But these young upstarts just blunder along and fall into the crypt business.

It's really a grave affair.

Some of these modern mummies simply will not do. How can they pass for dead when they have never really lived the part?

I've seen a monster movie or two. Tom Edison showed me one. And I know why they call these films horrors.

The acting alone would earn the tag. Some of the corpses, in particular, are really rotten.

If there's one thing I know about it's being dead. And it's obvious to me that many of the bodies in the movies have never been dead a day in their lives.

The cemeteries, tombs, and graveyards of Hollywood are loaded with fine, competent, experienced corpses. But do they ever get to work in the movies? No. Living actors, like Christopher Lee, are phoneyed up with a lot of makeup to look like us.

I ask you: is this fair?

Having reached a respectable age, my views deserve some attention. Believe me, when a 5000-year-old Mummy talks, people listen.

The practices of Hollywood horror film makers are unfair and discriminatory. Actors such as Vincent Price, Basil Rathbone, and Lon Chaney Jr. get all the best roles in the monster movies because they belong to an exclusive little group who all have something in common.

They breathe.

Yes, the sad truth of it is that to get anyplace in Hollywood today you have to be alive.

I call this prejudice.

Here I am—a deceased Mummy, very cultured, you should see my germ vat! Kind to rats, bats, and spiders, and never once have I worked in a Roger Corman film.

Just as I think the next Tom Mix western should feature real Indians, so I feel the forthcoming Lon Chaney thriller should star real dead people.

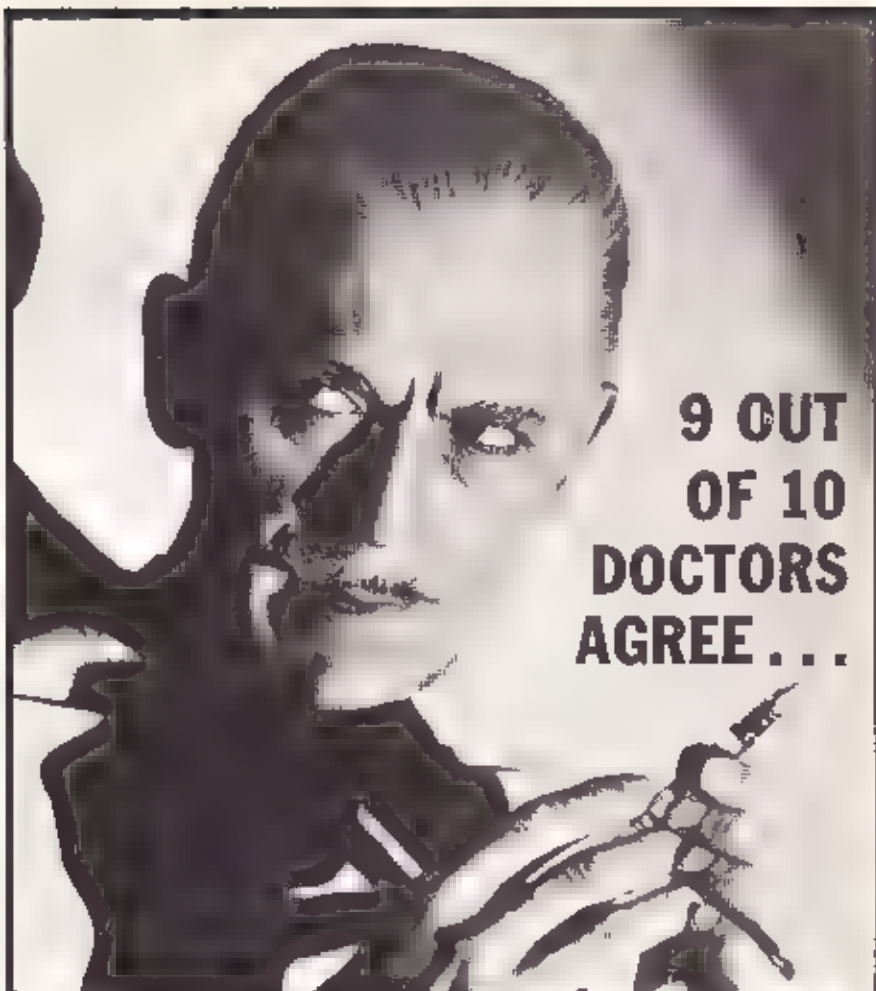
There is no substitute for real dead people.

Somehow the audience always knows the difference.

Remember all you dead ones out there in Cemeteryland. If we all rise together, it is we, within our power, to raise a big stink. We mustn't let Hollywood slam the lids on our faces any longer.

And with that, your friend, the Mad Mummy, concludes the final minutes of Local 6x6.

(You'll have to admit that I went all-out this time, and really took the wraps off.)



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TOMBSTONE TIMES

VOLUME 1 ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ FIVE SCAR FINAL — ALL THE NEWS UNFIT TO PRINT ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ NUMBER 1

COFFIN CORNER

I always believed the first Frankenstein film was made in 1931, by Universal, starring Boris Karloff. Recently I read where this was not so. Was there an earlier film?—Bob Scherl, Cleveland, Ohio

It's a little known fact the 1931 Karloff classic was actually the second Frankenstein film. The original was produced by none other than Thomas A. Edison at his Black Maria Studios in NY in 1898.

Being tremendous followers of motion pictures which have featured comic strip characters we are wondering if you can give us any information on the Buck Rogers serial, and if possible, the titles of the episodes.—John & Tom McQueen, Santa Ana, Calif

Buck, as portrayed by Buster Crabbe in 1939, rocketed his way through 12 chapters in all, the names of which are Tomorrow's World, Tragedy on Saturn, The Enemy's Stronghold, Sky Patrol, Phantom Plane, The Unknown Command, Primitive Urge, Revolt of the Zugs, Bodies Without Minds, Broken Barriers, A Prince in Bondage, and War of the Planets. The cliffhanger was released by Universal.

A friend of mine told me there have been almost 12 different movie versions of Dr. Jekyll & Mr Hyde! I told him he was as batty as Dracula. Am I right? — Barry Mohr, Johnstown, Pa

Your friend is off by 2. The very first screen adaptation of the Robert Louis Stevenson story was in 1908, filmed by Selig. 6

GHOULDEN OPPORTUNITY

Gather 'round all you ghouls and guys because here's the chance you've been waiting for—become a noose reporter for Transylvania's greatest export, Tombstone Times.

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other silents followed: 1910, 1912, 1913, 1919, and 2 in 1920 (one a German flicker). Talkie versions were made in 1932, 1939, and 1941. And there have been countless sequels, such as Son of Dr Jekyll and Abbott & Costello Meet Dr Jekyll & Mr Hyde.

Once and for all—is there a plant called 'wolfbane'? I say there is, but none of my monster friends believe me! —Larry Talbarns, Roberts, Texas

Yes, wolfbane does exist; but it is not the type Lon Chaney Jr. is familiar with. Wolfbane is a yellow flower, a poisonous plant, from which drugs to relieve pain are obtained.

TOMB IT MAY CONCERN



Introducing COUNT DOWNE, epitaph editor of the monster world's greatest newspaper, Tombstone Times

ATOMS & EVE

London—Scientific hysteria was made here by Alan A. Harris, M.D. (Mad Doctor) of Bradford, England, when he astounded the British medical authorities by presenting them with the first fan-made monster.

Doctor Harris, who comes from a family of inventors (his great grandfather perfected the Harris Wheel), claims he has discovered how to produce ultra-violent rays which give life to dead tissue. For years he had been experimenting in secret, and finally, after hundreds of failures, he has succeeded in

bringing to life a creature which he calls Gargunza.

The unfortunate mishap with the Harris monster is that it feeds on human blood. And to make matters worse, the doctor told Tombstone Times, "The creature's atoms have started acting up, and every hour on the hour a new Gargunza is created!"

London is in a state of shock due to these unforeseen developments with the Harris horror, and the last report to reach our ears (all three of them) stated that the original Gargunza has just been signed by Hammer Films to star in their forthcoming remake of the classic Birth of a Nation.



SKULLDUGGERY

Kathy Roberts (above) of Burnsville, Calif. and Donald Glut of Chicago, Ill. are pictured here with two of their friends—who they insist are real boneheads.

HAUNT ADS

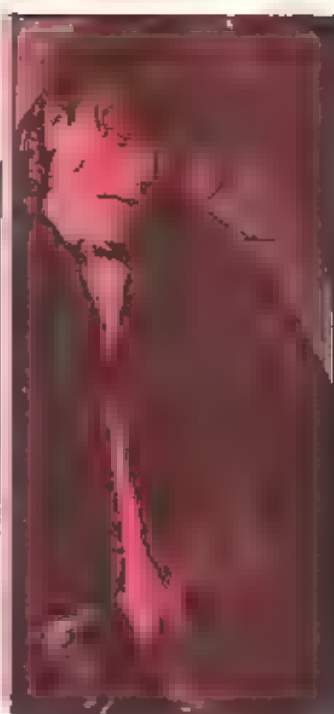
Bernie Bubals Jr., 85 Walnut Ave. East Farmingdale, Long Island, NY, is in the market for glossy stills and posters from science fiction, horror and serial films. Bernie also would like to purchase bundles of fanzines and

old comic books featuring super-heroes. All fans and followers of the jungle man, Tarzan, are invited to become members of **The Burroughs Bibliophiles**, the only authorized ape man club. Interested devotees should write to the group's secretary **Robert Horvath**, for complete membership information. Robert's address is 1 Luce Ave. 5, Monessen Pa. Collectors of stamps, books and recordings can probably find what they want if they contact **Billy Hoover**, Walnut St. R2, Manchester, Tenn. **John & Tom McGeehan**, 405 East 5th, Santa Ana, Calif. are looking for someone who will sell them the first dozen issues of **Sky Altitude** comics. "We'll pay \$5 for each issue," John & Tom write. Another Californian, **Don Sheppard**, wants to hear from all who have movie pressbooks, posters, stills, and scripts for sale. Don him-

self has a list of monster film material to sell or trade so write him at 2771 San Marino Los Angeles 6 Calif. Writing fantasy short stories is the hobby of fan **Charles McNulty** of Beaumont Idaho. Calling all monsters. **Paul Mitchell**, 1404 Ostrander, La Grange Park, Ill. would appreciate hearing from those of you who are interested in the Creature from the Black Lagoon pictures. Comic book fans and readers would do well to get their super-claws on issues of **Alter-Ego** fanzine edited and published by **Jerry Bails**, 1710 Kenwood Dr. Inkster, Mich. **Jim Broecker** is selling his vast collection of sci-fi paperbacks and has a catalog ready for those who contact him. Jim will trade for hardbound copies of the Tarzan and Commander Birdman novels. His address is 4336 No. Lawndale Chicago Ill. •



First, exclusive photo of the fan-made creature Garguza, spawned in the mad lab of Alan A. Harris of Bradford, England.



Slaymate of the Month

Is it Dracula? Dr. Jekyll? Count Downe waking after a hard day's sleep? No. It's Monster Makeup Fan Lionel Comport of Burbank, Calif.

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MONSTER OF THE MONTH



American-International's *She Creature*

Up from the silent green depths of the Pacific Ocean comes a monster born of shadow and slime *The She Creature* an almost human water-breather who swam across the theatre screen in four spine-cooling films.

According to AIP producer Alex Gordon the creation of the She Creature required more sweat and agony than it took to scare up the Frankenstein monster. Alex himself poured through dozens of books on underwater prehistoric creatures, then had 78 sketches of scaly bodies made and 32 of the gilled skull.

After the form was finalized months of tests with the rubber and plastic She Creature suit went on, until the day the monster was led.

The She Creature performed in 1956 in a film of its own name, *The She Creature*. The AIP feature scored so high with monster aware audiences that a year later the female horror was starred in *Voodoo Woman*. The head alone appeared in the studio's *How To Make a Monster* (1958), and was seen full length again in *Ghost of Dragstrip Hollow* (1959).

The awesome amphibian retired after the *Dragstrip Hollow* comedy setting a near record as one of the longest and hardest working monsters in show business. ●









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